

# ST. NICHOLAS.

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No. 6.

## THE GENERAL'S EASTER BOX.

BY TEMPLE BAILEY.

THE General did not look at all as one would expect a general to look. He was short and thick-set and had a red face and a white mustache, and he usually dressed in a gray tweed suit, with a funny Norfolk jacket with a belt, and wore a soft cap pulled down almost to his eye-glasses.

And he always did his own marketing.

That is how he came to know Jimmy.

Jimmy stood at a corner of Old Market and sold little bundles of dried sage and sweet marjoram, and sassafras and cinnamon, and soup-bunches made of bits of vegetables tied together — a bit of parsley and a bit of celery and a bit of carrot and a sprig of summer savory, all for one cent. Then at Christmas-time he displayed wreaths, which he and his little mother made at home, and as the spring came on he brought wild flowers that he picked in the woods.

And that was how he came to know the General.

For one morning, just before Easter, the General came puffing down the outside aisle of Old Market, with his colored man behind him with an enormous basket. The General's carriage was drawn up to the curbstone, and the gray horses were dancing little fancy dances over the asphalt street, when all at once Jimmy thrust a bunch of arbutus under the General's very nose.

"Go away, go away," said the General, and

trotted down to the carriage door, which a footman held open for him.

But a whiff of fragrance had reached him, and he stopped.

"How much?" he asked.

"Three cents," said Jimmy, in a hoarse voice.

The General looked at the little fellow through his eye-glasses.

"Got a cold?" he inquired gruffly.

"Yes, sir," croaked Jimmy.

"Why don't you stay in the house, then?" growled the General.

"Can't, sir," said Jimmy, cheerfully; "business is business."

The General looked at the little stand where "business" was transacted — at the little rows of dried stuffs, at the small basket of flowers, and at the soup-bunches.

"Humph," he said.

Then his hand went down into his pocket, and he pulled out a lot of change. After that he chose two bunches of sweet, pinky blossoms.

"Two for five, sir," said Jimmy.

"Hum," said the General. "You might give me some parsley and a soup-bunch."

Jimmy wrapped up the green stuff carefully and dropped it into the basket carried by the colored man.

"Nine cents, sir," he said; and the General handed him a dime and then moved to the next stall, holding the flowers close to his nose.

"You forgot your change," cried Jimmy, and rushed after him with the one cent.

"Keep —" But one look at the honest little face and he changed his sentence.

"Thank you, young man," he said, and away he drove.

After that Jimmy looked for the General, and the General for Jimmy. Their transactions were always carried on in a strictly business manner, although, to be sure, the General's modest family of two did not require the unlimited sage and sweet marjoram that were ordered from time to time.

On the Saturday before Easter the little stand was gay with new wares. In little nests of dried grasses lay eggs — Easter eggs, bright pink and blue and purple and mottled. Jimmy had invested in a dozen at forty cents the dozen, and he had hopes of doubling the money, for work surely counted for something, and he and the Little Mother had dyed them.

But somehow people passed them by. Inside of the market there were finer nests, and eggs gilded and lettered, and Jimmy began to feel that his own precious eggs were very dull indeed.

But when the General appeared around the corner, the boy's spirits rose. Here, at any rate, was a good customer.

The General, however, was in a temper. There had been an argument with the fish-man which had left him red in the face and very touchy. So he bought two bunches of arbutus and nothing else.

"Any eggs, sir?" asked Jimmy.

"Eggs?" said the General, looking over the little stand.

"Easter eggs," explained Jimmy.

"I've no use for such things," said the General.

"Oh!" said Jimmy, and in spite of himself his voice trembled. When one is the man of the family, and the Little Mother is sewing for dear life, and her work and the little stand in the market are all that pay the rent and buy food, it is sometimes hard to be brave. But the General did not notice the tremble.

Jimmy tried again:

"Any children, sir? Children always like Easter eggs, you know."

"No," said the General; "no one but a son in the Philippines — a son some six feet two in his stockings."

"Any grandchildren, sir?" hopefully.

"Bless my soul," said the General, testily, "what a lot of questions!" And he hurried off to his carriage.

Jimmy felt very forlorn. The General had been his last hope. The eggs were a dead loss.

At last it came time to close up, and he piled all of his wares in a basket. Then he took out a little broom and began to sweep in an orderly way around his little stall. He had a battered old dustpan, and as he carried it out to the street to empty it, he saw a stiff greenish gray paper sticking out of the dirt. Nothing in the world ever looks exactly like that but an American greenback, and, sure enough, when Jimmy pulled it out it proved to be a ten-dollar bill.

Jimmy sat down on the curb suddenly. His money always came in pennies and nickels and dimes and quarters. The Little Mother sometimes earned a dollar at a time, but never in his whole life had Jimmy possessed a ten-dollar bill.

Think of the possibilities to a little, poor, cold, worried boy. There was two months' rent in that ten-dollar bill — two months in which he would not have to worry over whether there would be a roof over their heads.

Then there was a basket stall in that ten-dollar bill. That had always been his ambition. Some one had told him that baskets sold well in other cities, and not a single person had opened a basket stall in Old Market, and that was Jimmy's chance. Once established, he knew he could earn a good living.

As for ten dollars' worth of groceries and provisions, Jimmy's mind could not grasp such a thing; fifty cents had always been the top limit for a grocery bill.

But — it was n't Jimmy's ten dollars. Like a flash his dreams tumbled to the ground. There had been many people coming and going through Old Market, but Jimmy knew that the bill was the General's. For the old gentleman had pulled out a roll when he reached for the five cents. Yes, it was the General's; but how to find the General?

Inside the market he found the General's

butcher. Yes, the butcher knew the General's address, for he was one of his best customers, and would keep Jimmy's basket while the boy went to the house.

It was a long distance. Jimmy passed rows of great stone mansions, and went through

puffing down the stairs. "Well, well, and what do you want?"

"Please, sir, did you drop this?" and Jimmy held out the tightly rolled bill.

"Did I? Well, now, I 'm sure I don't know. Perhaps I did, perhaps I did."



THEN THE GENERAL, WITH KNIFE UPRAISED, STOPPED IN HIS CARVING OF THE COLD ROAST CHICKEN, AND TURNED TO JIMMY. (SEE PAGE 486.)

parks, where crocuses and hyacinths were just peeping out.

At last he came to the General's.

A colored man answered the ring of the bell.

"Who shall I say?" he inquired loftily.

"The General is very busy, y' know."

"Say Jimmy, from the market, please"; and Jimmy sat down on the great hall seat, feeling very much awed with all the magnificence.

"Well, well," said the General, as he came

"I found it in front of my stall," said Jimmy.

What a strange thing it seemed that the General should not know! Jimmy would have known if he had lost a penny. He began to feel that the General could not have a true idea of *business*.

The General took out a roll of bills. "Let me see," he said. "Here 's my market list. Yes, I guess that 's mine, sure enough."

"I 'm glad I noticed it," said Jimmy, simply. "I came near sweeping it into the street."

"And what can I pay you for your trouble?" asked the General, looking at the boy keenly.

"Well," said Jimmy, stoutly, "you see, business is business, and I had to take my time, and I'd like to get back as soon as I can."

The General frowned. He was afraid he was going to be disappointed in this boy. What, after all, if he was a beggar —

"And so," went on Jimmy, "if you would give me a nickel for car-fare, I think we might call it square."

The General fumbled around for his eyeglasses, put them on, and looked at Jimmy in astonishment.

"A nickel?" he asked.

"Yes, sir"; Jimmy blushed. "You know, I ought to get back."

"Well, well," said the General. The boy had certainly the instincts of a gentleman. Not a single plea of poverty, and yet one could see that he was poor, very poor.

Just then a gong struck softly somewhere. "I'm not going to let you go until you have a bit of lunch with us," said the General. "I have told my wife of Jimmy of the market, and now I want you to meet her."

So Jimmy went down into a wonderful dining-room, where the silver and the cut glass shone, and where at the farther side of the table was the sweetest little old lady, who came and shook hands with him.

Jimmy had never before eaten lunch where the soup was served in little cups, but the General's wife put him at his ease when she told him that his very own soup-bunches were in that soup, and if he did n't eat plenty of it he would n't be advertising his wares. Then the General, with knife upraised, stopped in his carving of the cold roast chicken, and turned to Jimmy with a smile of approval in his genial face, and said that it was his sage, too, that was in the chicken dressing.

They made Jimmy talk, and finally he told them of his ambition for a basket stall.

"And when do you expect to get it?" asked the General, with a smile.

"When I get the goose that lays the golden egg, I am afraid, sir," said Jimmy, a little sadly.

Then the General's wife asked questions, and Jimmy told her about the Little Mother, and

of their life together; but not one word did he tell of their urgent need, for Jimmy had not learned to beg.

At last the wonderful lunch was over, somewhat to Jimmy's relief, it must be confessed.

"I shall come and see your mother, Jimmy," said the General's wife, as Jimmy left her.

Out in the hall the General handed the boy a nickel. "Business is business, young man," he said, with a twinkle in his eye.

That night Jimmy and his mother sat up very late, for the boy had so much to tell.

"Do you think I was wrong to ask for the nickel, Mother?" he asked anxiously, when he had finished.

"No," said his mother; "but I am glad you did n't ask for more."

Then, after Jimmy had gone to bed, the mother sat up for a long time, wondering how the rent was to be paid.

On Easter Monday morning Jimmy and the Little Mother started out to pick the arbutus and the early violets which Jimmy was to sell Tuesday at his little stall.

It was a sunshiny morning. The broad road was hard and white after the April showers, the sky was blue, and the air was sweet with the breath of bursting buds. And, in spite of cares, Jimmy and his mother had a very happy time as they filled their baskets.

At last they sat down to tie up the bunches. Carriage after carriage passed them. As the last bunch of flowers was laid in Jimmy's basket, a victoria drawn by a pair of grays stopped in front of the flower-gatherers.

"Well, well," said a hearty voice, and there were the General and his wife! They had called for Jimmy and his mother, they said, and had been directed to the wooded hill.

"Get in, get in," commanded the General; and, in spite of the Little Mother's hesitancy and timid protests, she was helped up beside the General's wife by the footman, while Jimmy hopped in beside the General, and away they went over the hard white road.

The General was in a gay mood.

"Well, my boy, have you found your golden egg?" he asked Jimmy.

"No, sir," said Jimmy, gravely; "not yet."



"Too bad, too bad," said the old gentleman, while he shifted a white box that was on the seat between himself and Jimmy to the other side.

"You're quite sure, are you, that you could

The General leaned back and laughed and laughed until he was red in the face; but Jimmy could see nothing to laugh at, so he merely smiled politely, and wondered what the joke was.



"OH!" SAID JIMMY, AND SAT DOWN ON THE STEP, BREATHLESS WITH JOY." (SEE PAGE 488.)

only get it from a goose?" he asked later.

"Get what, sir?" said Jimmy, whose eyes were on the gay crowds that thronged the sidewalks.

"The egg," said the General.

"Oh — yes, sir," replied Jimmy, with a smile.

At last they reached Jimmy's home, and the General helped the Little Mother out. As he did so he handed her a white box. Jimmy was busy watching the gray horses, and saw nothing else.

"For the boy," whispered the General.

The Little Mother shook her head doubtfully.

"Bless you, madam," cried the General, testily, "I have a boy of my own—if he *is* six feet two in his stockings." Then, in a softer tone, "I beg of you to take it, madam; it will please an old man and give the boy a start."

So when good-by had been said, and Jimmy stood looking after the carriage and the prancing grays, the Little Mother put the white box in his hand.

Jimmy opened it, and there on a nest of white cotton was an egg. But it was different from any of the eggs that Jimmy had sold on Saturday. It was large and gilded, and around the middle was a yellow ribbon.

Jimmy lifted it out, and found it very heavy.

"What do you think it is?" he said.

"Untie the ribbon," advised his mother, whose quick eyes saw a faint line which showed an opening.

Jimmy pulled the yellow ribbon, the upper half of the egg opened on a hinge, and there, side by side, were glistening gold coins—five-dollar gold pieces, and five of them.

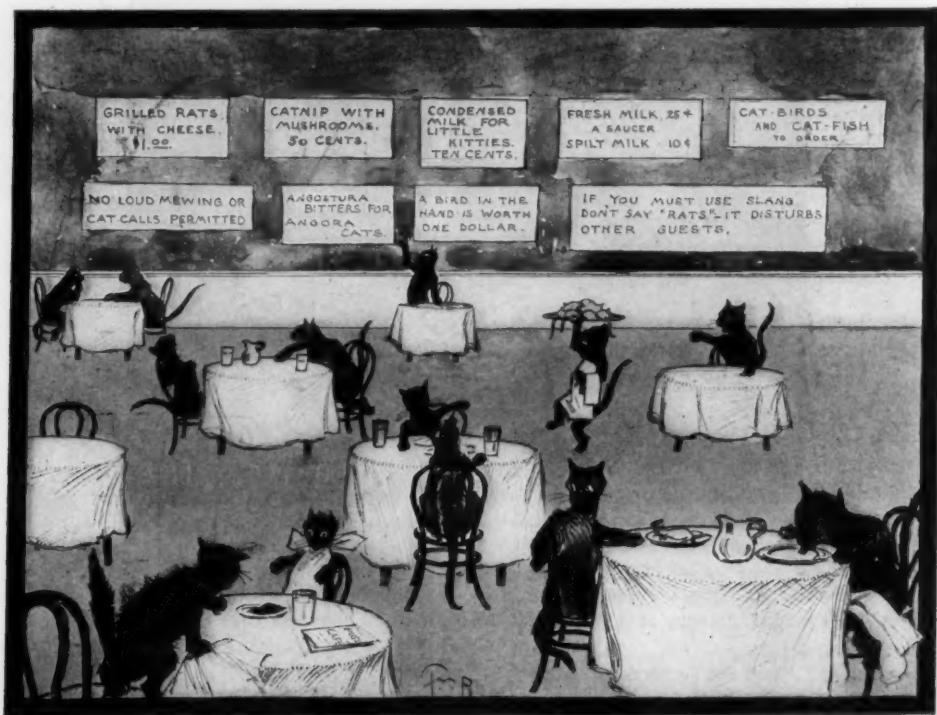
"Oh!" said Jimmy, and he sat down on the step, breathless with surprise and joy.

A slip of white paper lay between two of the coins. Jimmy snatched it out, and this is what he read:

Please accept the contents of the golden egg, with the best wishes of  
THE GOOSE.

And then at last Jimmy saw the joke.

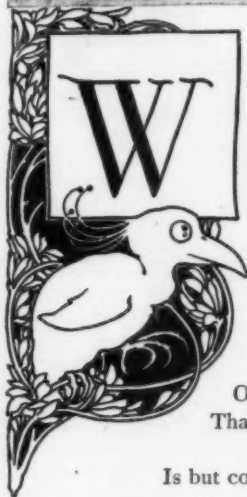
## AT THE SIGN OF THE PUSSY CAFÉ



## GNOME VERSES.

BY CAROLYN WELLS.

### THE WISE GNOME.



WITHIN a deep and darksome wood there lived a learned gnome,  
And in an ancient saucepan he made his cozy home.  
His name was so impressive, it filled every one with awe—  
'T was Diomed Diogenes Demosthenes de Graw.  
His fame for wisdom was so great that even passing birds  
Would stop and listen eagerly to Diomed's wise words.

One day two little jub-jub birds were walking by that way.  
They paused and said: "Oh, Diomed, do teach us something, pray."  
"Ay, ay," the ancient gnome replied; "now listen well, you two;  
A bit of information I will gladly give to you.  
Yon lustrous luminary,—empyrean queen of  
night,—

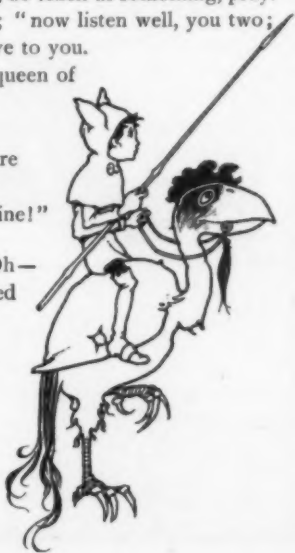
Our libratory, vibratory, lunar satellite,  
That rotatory orb revolving round our sphere  
terrene,

Is but coagulated curds, tinged chromium berylline!"

Although a bit bewildered, the jub-jub birds said, "Oh—  
Oh, thank you, dear Diogenes; that 's what we wished  
to know."

### GNOME MATTER.

THERE was once a dear little gnome  
Who rode from his home on Cape Nome;  
Said a lady, "My dear,  
Do you know why you 're here?"  
He looked up and answered, "Why, no 'm."



# FUTURE WIVES.

BY MARGARET SHEPPARD.



I.

" ' Rich man, poor man,  
Beggar man, thief,  
Doctor, lawyer,  
Indian chief.  
Rich man' — Mercy,  
What a relief!  
Thought I 'd have to marry  
That Indian chief! "

II.

" ' Rich man, poor man' —  
Alas and alack!  
Are there only two buttons  
Down my back? "



A  
WORK  
of  
ART  
by  
Anne McQueen



"To ye one among my Granddaughters who shall have accomplished ye greatest Work of Art within one Year from ye date of my Death, I do give and bequeath ye Sum of Five Hundred Dollars in Gold, ye same to be set aside for her Wedding Dowry; or, if she have ye ill fortune to remain a Spinster, to be disposed of as she may see fit, after her Twenty-Fifth Birthday.

"And this I do to encourage ye Art of Industrie among my Granddaughters; ye same being a Quality much to be commended in a Gentlewoman. Also: Ye above-mentioned Sum of Five Hundred Dollars in Gold hath been deposited with John Lawrence, M.D., till ye time mentioned; when ye same John Lawrence, M.D., shall appoint Five Persons in this Town, as Judges of ye Works of Art wrought by my Granddaughters. Ye same Judges to be Men or Women, as ye said John Lawrence shall choose (my advice to him is to choose Men, as being of more temperate Judgment). At which time ye said Five Hundred Dollars in Gold shall be awarded to ye one of my said Granddaughters who hath, in ye opinion of ye Judges, wrought ye best Work of Art."

The lawyer, old Dr. Doskyn, who had just finished reading the above codicil to Grandfather Merrivale's will, looked with eyes that twinkled with a little sly merriment, as he wiped his heavy gold-bowed spectacles, at "ye Grand-

daughters" of the testator, who sat primly erect in their high-backed chairs, their hands decorously folded in their laps, and their round young faces struggling to keep down any expression of astonishment which they might naturally be supposed to feel at hearing this extraordinary communication read. But they were well-bred maidens, and had early been taught the importance of good manners, so that if Grandfather Merrivale had left orders in his will that each maid was to be shut up on bread and water for the space of a year, their faces would still have remained gravely expressionless, though in their hearts they might have been as rebellious as any girls of to-day.

All the very near relatives of old Mr. Merrivale were gathered in the big drawing-room of the old colonial mansion, for the reading of the will, the day after the funeral. Grandfather Merrivale had not been noted for eccentricities, and this codicil was as much a surprise to his other relatives as it was to the girls. Each mother at once resolved, in her heart, that one of her own daughters should be the favored



individual to carry off this reward of "Industry." The sons and daughters of the old gentleman were all well-to-do people, and their daughters had received all the "finishing" deemed necessary in those days.

Each maid was secretly casting over her list of accomplishments: one could paint on glass; another was noted for her curious skill in the making of paper flowers; another was noted for her fine lace-work; others for embroidery, or for working samplers in cross-stitch, most beautiful to behold—in the eyes of the maid who worked them! In imagination each saw herself the proud recipient of the five hundred dollars, to be added to her wedding dower. It is needless to say that the horrid thought of passing her twenty-fifth birthday unmarried, and so entering upon the dreary state of spinsterhood, never for an instant crossed the mind of any of those well-bred damsels.

Now it is not my intention to relate in detail how each maid undertook the task, nor what particular work she wrought; I merely undertake to relate the true story of my great-grandmother Hopewell's "Work of Art," which has been an heirloom in our family since its completion in the year 1800, one year after the death of Grandfather Merrivale. My great-grandmother, whose maiden name was Millicent Blair, was one of "ye Granddaughters" before mentioned. At the time of her grand-sire's decease she was a small maid of thirteen, with a mother who was a notable housekeeper, but who had little patience with "fripperies," as she called those accomplishments most mothers were eager to see their daughters possess. Consequently, the little Millicent, whose home was on a big plantation a few miles from Charleston, South Carolina, where her grandfather had lived, was skilled in pickling, preserving, spinning, knitting, sewing, and weaving beautifully smooth webs of cloth for the use of her family, but had scant acquaintance with the fine arts. Down in her childish heart she desired the five hundred dollars as much as any of her cousins, who were all older than she, and had the double advantage of living in the city and possessing their share of "accomplishments."

"Mother," spoke this small maid, one even-

ing the following week, sitting on the wide portico of her plantation home, knitting busily on a yarn sock for her father's winter wear, "mother, may I try for grandfather's money?"

"Why yes, child. Grandfather, you may be sure, had some useful work in mind when he wrote that codicil—he could never abide fripperies. Your little hands can, maybe, do some work which will be both useful and fair to look upon. Now what task is it which my little daughter has in mind?"

So spoke her mother, a kind woman and gentle, albeit a strict disciplinarian, and one whose rule was that no member of her household should sit in idleness. She sat in her high-backed chair of hickory-wood, its seat of white-oak splint, woven in and out, basket fashion, made by the plantation carpenter; her hands were busied with some fine needlework—a fine white linen shirt which she was making for her husband, putting rows of tucks down the bosom, and counting carefully each stitch she put in. How oddly that sounds in this day of the sewing-machine! counting every tiny stitch, that each tuck might have the same number! Yet in those days of fine needlework few women wore spectacles till very old.

In the broad fields belonging to the plantation the "hands" were picking cotton; it was ideal "picking weather" in October, bright and calm and warm; the bolls were rapidly bursting under the influence of the warm sunshine, and the "lint" promised to be of extra quality, for not a drop of rain had fallen for weeks, and the fields resembled great drifted heaps of snow. The negroes' songs came floating faint and sweet, borne on the still October air.

Millicent, looking out on the white fields, had suddenly become possessed of an idea, which she proceeded to communicate to her mother, receiving that lady's hearty approval.

The next morning, Millicent, accompanied by her own little maid, Venus, a negro girl about her own age, put on her big sunbonnet, stiffened with strips of thin white oak, and her home-knit gloves of cotton yarn, and, each carrying one of the big splint baskets, went to the cotton-field nearest the house. The overseer had had orders to leave a certain portion

of this field for Millicent's own picking, and here she and Venus filled their baskets in undisturbed quiet—save for their own busy tongues. Millicent picked in her own basket, and Venus received strict orders from her little mistress that she must not put in it even a single handful of her picking. "Because this work must be done by myself alone, Venus," she said importantly, "and I must not take help from any body—else it will not be my own handiwork."

She picked till noon, filling her own big basket high with the fleecy stuff, and only stopping when the great plantation bell rang, calling the hands home to dinner. One of the men came by and carried their baskets to the house for the children; but when the negroes went to work again at one o'clock, this resolute maid followed, picking till sundown. At night, while her father smoked his pipe and her mother knitted, she busily picked the seeds out of the fiber, putting the lint, or separated cotton, in a basket by itself.

Remember, in the year 1799, Eli Whitney's cotton-gin had only recently been invented, and all the cloth made from that fiber, after the cotton was picked from the seed as Millicent did hers, was woven on the small hand-loom on the plantations. A laborious process, truly, but in those days people did not rush as they do now; they had plenty of time.

"Can't I help you, lass?" asked her father, looking with tender eyes on his busy little daughter.

"No, sir; for then I won't be doing all the work myself," answered this scrupulous maiden.

Day after day this went on, Millicent picking her cotton in the day, and at night separating it from the seed, till enough for her purpose was gathered.

Then through the long winter days she stood at the spinning-wheel, spinning her cotton into fine yarn. Her anxious mother had to remind her that "haste made waste," and that it were better to do a thing methodically and at the right time than to hurry so and maybe do it badly; she had a year in which to complete her task, and children needed play as well as work: so Millicent was forbidden to work at her labor longer than certain hours at a time.

The secrecy of the task delighted the child, she felt so important keeping a secret; for, though all knew she meant to try for Grandfather Merrivale's money, no one save her mother and she knew what the wonderful work was to be.

The summer came, and now she worked in the loom-house, weaving; and when her web of cloth was completed, there were long hours of stitching up long, white seams; then came much dyeing of brilliant Turkey red and indigo blue thread, and much needlework.

Finally Millicent's task was finished, with plenty of time to spare, and the precious work which received her mother's praise—for it was really very well done—was folded with rose-leaves between the folds, and packed safely away in the great cedar chest, waiting the day of the final trial.

At last the great day came, and the judges were assembled to pronounce on the work of "ye Granddaughters," in the drawing-room at the old Merrivale mansion, where the will had been read.

All the judges appointed by old Dr. Lawrence for this delicate task were men. I do not know if this was due entirely to deference for old Mr. Merrivale's opinion, or because the doctor himself was a crusty old bachelor, and had small faith in the ability of a woman to judge anything fairly and impartially.

The judges were very dignified old gentlemen, with small opinion of newfangled things like painting and embroideries. The "Works of Art" were all placed conspicuously, so that their merits could be seen at a glance, and the granddaughters who had wrought them were in a state of delightful suspense in another room. Each, as became modest and well-bred girls, said she hoped one of the others would get the prize, as she cared but little for it; she expected to be an old maid, so it would do her little good, and her cousins were sure to be married!

A paper was fastened on each object, bearing a legend setting forth the name and age of the maker, and the date.

There was a portrait in oils, called "Aurora Walking in ye Fields," representing a damsel in a short-waisted frock, with balloon sleeves

and very skimpy skirt, smiling down upon a curious object which she held in her hand; this resembled nothing so much as a small cabbage, but we suspect the fair artist would rather it were called a rose.

Then there was a wonderful bunch of flowers painted on glass, and a large bouquet of wax blossoms under a glass case, and there was a beautiful scarf of tissue, worked in a pretty design of grapes and leaves with gold thread, and a large collar and pair of cuffs done in Irish point. Besides these, there was a large counterpane, displayed at full length, with a pair of small pillow-slips to match. The counterpane was of fine white cloth, with a wide knotted fringe around it, and a border worked in chain-stitch of red and blue thread, consisting of a rather sprangly vine with clusters of unknown flowers at intervals, and, in the middle, a pot of flowers of the same red and blue hues, the flowers branching out to form a garland round the name of the maker; then came the year, and a stanza

from Dr. Watts's hymns, all nicely worked in red and blue letters in cross-stitch design. A paper was pinned on this announcing it to be

Ye Handiwork of Millicent Blair, age Thirteen Years and nine mos., who herself picked and seeded ye cotton, span ye Thread and wove and Worked this Counterpane and ye pillow-slips, receiving help from no Person.

Everybody was delighted with this piece of work. The practical judges awarded the five hundred dollars to Millicent, much to the joy of her family. And even the other granddaughters were good enough to say that they were happy to see Millicent win the prize, as she had chosen so great a task and had done her work so beautifully.

The counterpane and pillow-slips were used to adorn the big feather bed in the best room of Millicent's own house when, four years later, she married great-grandfather Hopewell.

And there you have the true story of great-grandmother's celebrated "Work of Art."



A RAINY APRIL AFTERNOON IN THE NURSERY.



DANIEL DEFOE.

From a copperplate portrait in the British Museum.

## THE AUTHOR OF "ROBINSON CRUSOE."

By W. B. NORTHROP.

ONE hundred and seventy-three years ago this month, or, to be more exact, on April 26, 1731, there died in the city of London a man who gave to the boys and girls of the whole reading world a book of adventures that probably has not its equal for interest and the number of its readers. This man was Daniel Defoe, the author of "The Life and Strange Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, of York, Mariner."

Daniel Defoe was born about 1661 in London, at Cripplegate, one of the East-End districts, and was the son of a butcher. His father

was named simply Foe, but our author probably put the "De" on his name in order to make his pen-name sound more "sonorous," the suggestion, it is thought by some, having originally come from writing his name "D. Foe."

He had a knowledge of Spanish, Italian, Latin, and Greek, and could speak French fluently. His intimate acquaintance with geography, coupled with a great ease of expression and invention resulting from years of activity as a newspaper editor and writer, equipped him for writing his famous work with that wonderful plausibility which has made it a classic.

Defoe's career was a very eventful one. Living in the stirring times between the years 1661 and 1731, a man of his character could not but be prominent in any part which he took in the doings of the day.

He was educated for the ministry, but he

greatly attached to Defoe,—took the sting from his trying ordeal; for, instead of hissing and jeering at him as he stood with his head and hands in the pillory board, they formed a guard of honor about him, and decorated with flowers the instrument of punishment.

In the reward which at one time was offered for the capture of Defoe for one of his publications against the government, he is described as follows, the extract appearing in the "Gazette" of January 10, 1702:

"A middle-sized, spare man about forty years old, of a brown complexion and dark brown colored hair, but wears a wig, a hooked nose, a sharp chin, gray eyes, and a large mole near his mouth."

Defoe—before he wrote "Robinson Crusoe"—was a very hard-working newspaper man. For a number of years he edited a semi-weekly paper called the "Review," and during that time published many pamphlets, and contributed every line of the matter to each issue of his paper, with the exception, of course, of the few advertisements on the back pages.

The "Review," published by Defoe, probably suggested to others the famous "Tatler" and also the "Spectator," both of which, on their first appearance, bore close typographical resem-



DEFOE IN THE PILLORY.

never entered it, engaging instead in the hosiery trade. It seems, however, a strict attention to business did not prevent him from writing numerous pamphlets on topics of the day, and especially political subjects.

One of his early pamphlets—"The Shortest Way to Deal with the Dissenters"—was condemned by the House of Commons and ordered to be burned, and Defoe was fined two hundred marks and had to stand three times in the pillory for its authorship.

The people, however,—who seemed to be

blances to Defoe's publication.

At one time, he conducted the "Review" from Newgate Prison. This "Review," even when Defoe was a prisoner, was published simultaneously in Edinburgh and London.

In later years Defoe conducted another paper, called the "Mercator," and brought out the first paper which may be said to have been on the lines of a modern daily. It was called the "Flying Post," and was an evening paper. The title of the periodical was subsequently changed into the "Whitehall Evening Post."



The novel "Robinson Crusoe" was founded on the experiences of a certain Alexander Selkirk, who resided four years on the Island of Juan Fernandez in the Pacific Ocean. Captain Rogers, commander of the vessel which rescued Selkirk, related the story, and Defoe afterward worked it up into the narrative now so familiar to all. It was for this reason that Defoe was accused of pilfering the manuscript, and even of having stolen many letters belonging to Selkirk. Defoe is said to have made a snug fortune from the sale of "Robinson Crusoe," and out of the proceeds of the book to have built a

carefully preserved, enthusiastic admirers of this charming story have been no less diligent in seeing that Alexander Selkirk, the "original" of Robinson Crusoe, shall not be forgotten. In the village of Largo, Scotland, among other relics and memorials to Selkirk, is a fine statue of the venturesome sailor, dressed in the costume which we like to think was worn by Crusoe. And away out in the Pacific Ocean, on the Island of Juan Fernandez, two thousand feet above the sea-level, at a spot that Selkirk called his "lookout," is a tablet erected to his memory.



THE STATUE OF SELKIRK AT LARGO, SCOTLAND.

fine house for himself in a suburb of London. So it must have won instant popularity.

It is interesting to know that while the memory of "Robinson Crusoe's" author has been so

"Robinson Crusoe" was not Defoe's only novel, by any means. He wrote many works of the "dime-novel" order, some of their titles being, "The Highland Rogue," "Jona-

than Wild," "The King of Pirates," and the like. He was enterprising, industrious, and untiring, and, had he lived to-day, he would doubtless have been a successful reporter or correspondent for a daily newspaper.

in danger from his being taken for a spy; but authentic accounts of these adventures are difficult to find. No doubt many of them have been greatly exaggerated.

Defoe died suddenly in 1731, at the age of



*From a photograph by W. B. Northrop.*

THE MONUMENT TO DEFOE AT BUNHILL FIELDS, LONDON.

One of his journalistic feats, for instance, was to interview, on the scaffold, the famous Jack Sheppard. He obtained from the outlaw a message for publication just as the noose was being adjusted around the man's neck.

Defoe acted as the agent of the government in some important secret undertakings, which required his journeying all over the continent of Europe. It is said that his life was often

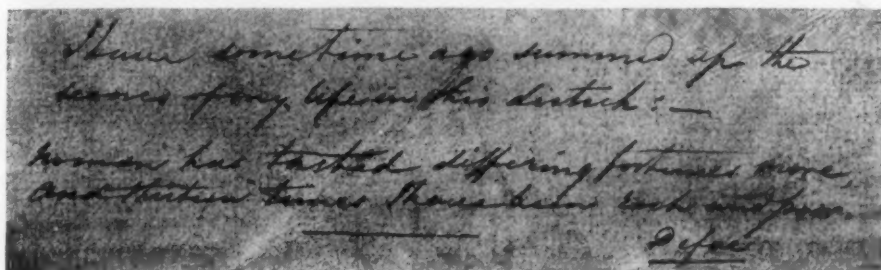
about 71. In a small obscure graveyard in the heart of London stands a white marble column. It marks his last resting-place, and records the date of his birth and death.

This little cemetery, which has for some years been converted into something resembling a garden, is located on City Road, London, immediately opposite the chapel built by John Wesley. Not far from Daniel Defoe's grave

is the grave of John Bunyan, the author of "Pilgrim's Progress."

A small plane-tree grows over Defoe's grave. Into the leaves of this tree projects the upper portion of the monument. For many years the grave of this celebrated author was practically unmarked; but, a few years ago,

through the efforts of a London religious weekly paper, the children of Great Britain sent in subscriptions to a fund, which speedily grew large enough to defray the cost of the monument to the author of their favorite book, and in course of time a suitable monument was erected over the spot where Defoe's body lies.



AN AUTOGRAPH OF DANIEL DEFOE. FACSIMILE OF A COUPLET WRITTEN ON THE BACK OF A PROOF IN THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY, LONDON.

## ROBINSON CRUSOE'S ISLAND.

(TWO HUNDRED YEARS LATER.)

BY FRANCIS ARNOLD COLLINS.

WHAT boy would not feel perfectly at home on Robinson Crusoe's island? The cave hollowed in the rock, the garden where he grew his wheat and tended his goats, the forests and plains of Crusoe's island-domain, have been the playgrounds in imagination of boys for generations. We have all wandered with Crusoe over the familiar paths, explored the cave, or sat upon the lookout watching, with a delightful sense of disappointment, for a sail.

And the island of Juan Fernandez, where the real Robinson Crusoe lived so long alone, looks exactly as we would expect it to appear. The island was visited a few months ago by a Chilean war-ship, and a party of her officers—remembering Crusoe with affection, as people do the world over—carefully explored Crusoe's kingdom and took a number of photographs. Although these photographs are now looked upon

for the first time in the United States and Europe, they seem, nevertheless, strangely familiar. They serve to bring the old playgrounds of our imagination suddenly to life.

It is exactly two centuries since the actual Crusoe landed upon this solitary island. His name, it will be remembered, was Alexander Selkirk, though, strangely enough, he, too, like Defoe, spelled his name differently from the form used by his father before him, for Selkirk's father spelled his name Selcraig. Of all the labors of the immortal Crusoe, time has left few traces. Selkirk lived much the same life which Daniel Defoe describes in the story. The cave hollowed from the rock, with the rude remains of its stone supports, may still be recognized. The lookout,—the conical hill, "very steep and high,"—where Crusoe watched so many weary hours, rises near by. A large

bronze tablet commemorating Selkirk's sojourn on the island was placed near the base of the lookout by the officers of an English war-ship in 1868. Crusoe's garden is buried beneath two hundred years of tropical vegetation. The long flat beach where he landed, however, is readily identified.

So closely has Defoe followed the actual story of Selkirk's adventures that "Robinson Crusoe" might even now serve as a guide-book for his island. The scenes as Defoe describes them, often with surprisingly few words, have, in two centuries, lost nothing of their charm. The photographs of these scenes do not in any sense contradict the narrative. With the actual photographs of the lookout before us, where Crusoe—or rather Selkirk—first climbed to look about him, Defoe's description borrows a new meaning. "There was a hill not above a mile from

my great affliction, viz., that I was in an island environed every way with the sea." Or, again, study the photograph of the cave, and Defoe, it will be found, has not used a word amiss. "I found a little plain on the side of a rising hill, whose front toward this little plain was steep as a house side. . . . On the side of the rock there was a hollow place, worn a little way in, like the entrance or door of a cave, but there was not really any cave or way into the rock at all."

The adventures of Selkirk differ only in detail from the story of Crusoe. The real Crusoe, as we may call him, was not shipwrecked, but came ashore voluntarily. He was a Scotchman, and landed from an English ship, the "Cinque Ports," a little vessel of but ninety odd tons burden, carrying eighteen guns, commanded by Captain William Dampier, in 1704. Selkirk was the sailing-master of the vessel, and, in



THE SCENE OF CRUSOE'S SHIPWRECK.

"I got to the mainland, where, to my great comfort, I clambered up the cliffs of the shore and sat down upon the grass, free from danger and quite out of the reach of the water."—ROBINSON CRUSOE.

me," says Crusoe, "which rose up very steep and high. . . . I traveled for discovery up to the top of that hill, where, after I had, with great labor and difficulty, got to the top, I saw my fate, to

reality, he had had a "falling out" with the captain some time before, and had begged to be put ashore. Just what this quarrel may have been is not known, since the account

comes from the captain himself. Selkirk lived alone on the island for four years and four months, and was then rescued by Captain Rog-

tobacco, a hatchet, a knife, a Bible, and his mathematical instruments and books.

Four years and four months later, when Sel-



CRUSOE'S CAVE.

"I found a little plain on the side of a rising hill, whose front toward this little plain was steep as a house side. . . . On the side of the rock there was a hollow place, worn a little way in, like the entrance or door of a cave, but there was not really any cave or way into the rock at all."—ROBINSON CRUSOE.

ers, of the "Duke," and taken back to England. Captain Rogers wrote the original account of Selkirk's adventures, so that we have the true story of this famous romance at first hand.

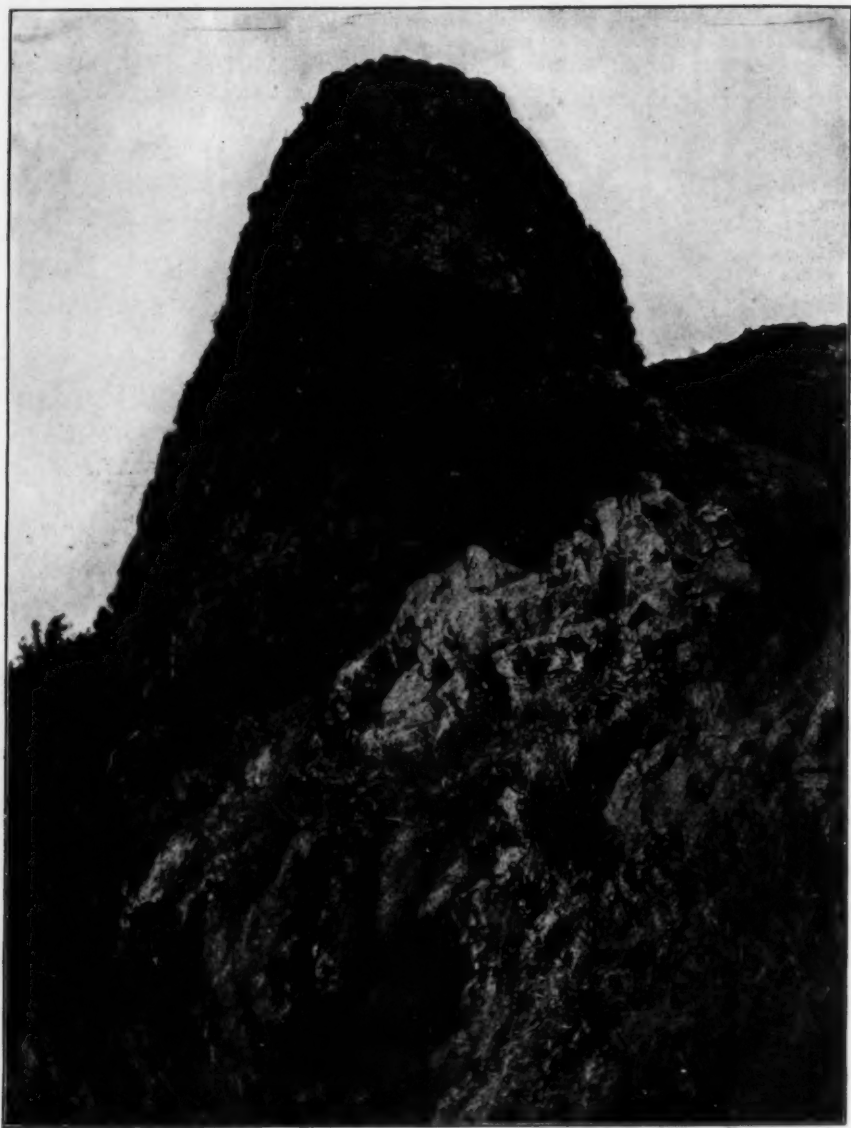
When Selkirk landed to take possession of his island-kingdom, he carried fewer provisions than did the Crusoe of the story. A boat from the Cinque Ports brought him to the beach with his seaman's chest and meager possessions and put him ashore.

As the boat pulled away, Selkirk quickly regretted his act, and begged on his knees to be taken back to the ship. The sailors refused, returning alone, so that the original Crusoe found himself an unwilling prisoner. There was little romance in the situation. His entire possessions comprised only some clothes and bedding, a firelock, one pound of powder, some bullets,

kirk—now safely on board the Duke—told the story of his adventures, the misery of those first hours on the island were still clear in his memory. As the ship disappeared, he sat upon his seaman's chest in utter dejection. He ate nothing for many hours. His greatest fear was that with the coming of night he would be attacked by wild animals. In his own words, "I went to sleep when I could watch no longer." For a long time he remained in such low spirits that he could eat only at rare intervals. His first food was the flesh of seals and the coarse food picked up along the beach.

For several weeks Selkirk continued to eat raw food. He carried flint with him, but could find no tinder to start a fire. He would not use his shirt, since he preferred to go without cooked food to going undressed. The famous





CRUSOE'S LOOKOUT. IN THE CLIFF AT THE RIGHT CENTER OF THE PICTURE WILL BE SEEN THE TABLET  
ERECTED TO SELKIRK'S MEMORY.

"There was a hill not above a mile from me, which rose up very steep and high. . . . I traveled for discovery up to the top of that hill, where, after I had, with great labor and difficulty, got to the top, I saw my fate, to my great affliction, viz., that I was in an island environed every way with the sea."—ROBINSON CRUSOE.

suit of goatskins was not thought of until later. The cooking problem was finally solved by rubbing two sticks together, Indian fashion, to start a fire. The flesh of young goats remained his

principal food to the end. His favorite method of cooking was to impale a large piece of the meat on a splint of palmetto wood and broil it by turning it slowly before the fire.

The island was well supplied with wild goats, as it is to this day. Nevertheless there were times when poor Crusoe—or rather Selkirk—had great trouble to secure a meal. He shot the goats at first, but his supply of powder soon failed him. After that there was nothing to do but to catch the goats on foot, and many a

the end of Selkirk's first year on his island he commenced to write his famous diary. In reproducing this incident later, Defoe, for all his genius, could improve but little upon the interest of this original manuscript. Selkirk began the story of his life by telling of his terror of the sea, his dread of wild animals, and his



TABLET ERECTED NEAR SELKIRK'S "LOOKOUT" ON THE ISLAND OF JUAN FERNANDEZ, BEARING THE FOLLOWING INSCRIPTION:

In memory of ALEXANDER SELKIRK, mariner, a native of Largo, in the county of Fife, Scotland, who lived on this island in complete solitude for four years and four months. He was landed from the "Cinque Ports" galley, 96 tons, 18 guns, A.D. 1704, and was taken off in the "Duke," privateer, 12th Feb., 1709. He died Lieutenant of H. M. S. "Weymouth," A.D. 1723,\* aged 47 years. This tablet is erected near Selkirk's lookout, by Commodore Powell and the officers of H. M. S. "Topaze," A.D. 1868.

chase the nimble little creatures led him. In time, however, Selkirk learned to run so swiftly and to dodge and leap so quickly that he had no trouble in winning these curious races. Selkirk killed in all more than five hundred goats; and, not content with supplying his present needs, he caught many young goats and tamed them, that he might be sure of his food when he grew too old to run. Toward

fright at the barking of the seals. He was finally compelled by hunger to look about him. He found abundance of raw meat and cabbages and herbs. Eight months after his landing on the island he wrote that he was at last entirely reconciled to his lot. His life in the years that followed has been the envy of many men and boys in many countries. There was little cold or rainy weather, so that he was constantly

\* This date has since been proved to be wrong. The year, as we have seen, should be 1721.

out of his cave. By day he worked in his garden or explored his island-kingdom. On clear evenings he amused himself for hours at a time by lying on his back and counting the stars.

Selkirk soon tired of the famous cave which he had so laboriously hollowed in the rock. An earthquake had loosened a part of the roof, and he feared further accidents. He had attempted to give the rock support meanwhile by building a crude pillar of stones, part of which still stands. Toward the end of his first year of exile Selkirk set about building a house. He finally completed two little huts, using one for a bedroom, and the second and smaller one for a kitchen. The little cottages were built with the wood of the palmetto, which he had laboriously hewn from the forest. The walls and roof were formed of long grass, which was from time to time renewed. The furniture of the two rooms was

also, in a very literal sense, home-made. The few chairs and the table were made of palmetto and upholstered with goat-skins. The bedstead was Selkirk's especial pride.

For all Selkirk's terror of wild animals, nothing ever visited him more ferocious than the rats. He complains of them bitterly in his journal, however, telling of their inroads on his larder, and of how, growing more ferocious, they even bit his feet as he lay asleep. But Selkirk proved equal to this new call upon his ingenuity. The story of Robinson Crusoe tells the exact truth about it. Selkirk made a business of raising cats, feeding them with goat's milk.

Thereafter he slept with hundreds of his cats lying about him, and as a reward of his ingenuity slept soundly.

Meanwhile most of Selkirk's scanty store of shirts had worn threadbare. Once more his ingenuity, which had served him so well throughout his stay in the island, came to his rescue. On looking about him for material, he hit upon the idea of his famous suit of goat-skins. In

the story of Crusoe, it will be remembered, Defoe carefully reproduces this incident. Selkirk skilfully dried the skins and made for himself a complete suit, consisting of trousers, jacket,

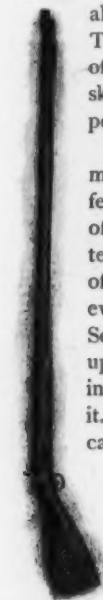


SELKIRK'S CHEST AND CUP.

and cap. For this extraordinary piece of tailoring Selkirk used a nail for a needle, stitching with thongs of the skin. Later, finding a piece of iron hoop on the beach, he made several new blades for his knife. In the attempt to make shoes, however, his skill failed him, and this despite the fact that Selkirk had once been a shoemaker. All the shoes that he had made fell apart, and in the end he was forced to go barefooted.

Life was not all work, however, even for the industrious Crusoe. He spent many hours, for instance, his journal attests, in taming young kids. Another amusement was to cut his name, with the date of landing, on innumerable trees in different parts of the island. The tropical growth of two centuries has left no trace of these labors visible on the island to-day. It was from this incident, doubtless, that Defoe conceived the idea of having Crusoe keep a calendar with notched sticks. Throughout his stay Selkirk was also in the habit of praying, reading, and singing in a loud voice each day, often for an hour at a time. He explained candidly in his journal that he did so for fear he might lose the power of his voice from disuse.

It was only after Selkirk had watched from his familiar lookout, in fair weather and foul, for more than four years that he was finally rewarded by the sight of his old ship. When Captain Dampier landed upon the beach, Sel-



SELKIRK'S GUN.

kirk was already standing on the edge of the forest, waving a white flag. In honor of the visit, he wore his last shirt, which he had carefully kept for years for this occasion. The captain afterward noted in his account that Selkirk spoke in a voice which, for all his pains, sounded scarcely human. His feet had been hardened like leather from long exposure. For many weeks he refused to touch any liquor, nor had he any appetite for civilized foods. Selkirk greeted his old shipmates with a delight that may be imagined, and before leaving his island he entertained the ship's crew in his "house."

The island was visited but once by any ship during Selkirk's long exile. A Spanish ship once landed on the island a small company who caught a fleeting glimpse of Selkirk. In those days the Spanish were the deadly enemies of the English, and doubtless Selkirk had recognized the ship's colors from his lookout, and drawn his own conclusions. In the story of Crusoe, it will be remembered, Defoe makes much of this visit of the Spanish, and has them prostrate themselves before Crusoe as the "governor of the island." As a matter of fact, however, Crusoe (or Selkirk) played a much less dignified part than Defoe would have us believe. The Spanish shot at and chased him

for some distance without success. A bulldog which they had brought ashore was pressed into the service; but Selkirk, from his long training with the goats, outran the bulldog. Growing tired of the chase, Selkirk finally climbed a tree. The Spanish built a fire and camped near his hiding-place, but finally left without discovering him.

The solitude and many hardships of this lonely life would doubtless have driven most men crazy. Selkirk, however, kept his wits throughout it all, and when he finally returned to Scotland, after an absence of eight years, was able to take up his old life where he had dropped it, and, despite his barbarous life, was still a civilized man.

In writing "Robinson Crusoe," Defoe, with a story-teller's license, took many liberties with the original narrative. One of these changes has been to tell us that Crusoe's island was situated on the east coast of South America, near the mouth of the Orinoco River. There can be no doubt, however, that the Island of Juan Fernandez, with its cave and its lookout, was the island which Defoe has described; nor that the adventures of Alexander Selkirk have been faithfully reproduced, with an added charm, in the story of "Robinson Crusoe."



A WINDY MORNING.

## A COMEDY IN WAX.

*(Begun in the November number.)*

BY B. L. FARJEON.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

#### A GREAT MANY THINGS OCCUR.

NEVER since Marybud Lodge had been a boarding-school, and the boys had scampered over the grounds in their play-hours, had the lawn presented an appearance so animated, and never at any time a picture so astounding. It was so electrifying, so inconceivable, incredible, and unimaginable as to deprive Mr. Scarlett of the power of speech.

All the celebrities were there with the exception of the Headsman, who, with his ax, was still locked up in the school-room cupboard. They had had a good breakfast and were enjoying the open air in the blithest spirits. Henry VIII was walking between Mary Queen of Scots and Mme. Sainte Amaranthe, and amusing them with his merry chatter. Queen Elizabeth and Tom Thumb were strolling side by side, engaged in sprightly conversation, he playing the squire of dames as if to the manner born. Richard I, Charles II, and Oliver Cromwell were having a game of leap-frog, and roaring with laughter when one of them came to grief, which Richard III was maliciously endeavoring to compass by putting out his leg to trip them up. Guy Fawkes, with folded arms, was moodily looking on. Houqua was walking from one group to another, with the eternal childlike smile on his face, and saying softly to himself: "Velly good. Can do. The philosopher Mencius observes, 'The great man is he who does not lose his child-heart.'" Loushkin had climbed to the top of the cedar-tree, where he seemed to be hundreds of feet in height, and Mme. Tussaud was standing below, looking up at him one moment, and the next chiding those of her celebrities who were transgressing the rules she had set for them.

It was truly a startling scene, and the dazed expression on the countenances of Mr. Scarlett

and Miss Pennyback was a sufficient indication of their feelings. Their state of mind was by no means reassured by the astounding behavior of Belinda, whose rotund face seemed to be in great danger of exploding with suppressed laughter. They were, so to speak, paralyzed, unable to move or think; and they might have remained in this state for a considerable time had not Lucy rushed out of the room, quickly followed by Lydia, who had no desire to stop and be questioned by Miss Pennyback and her papa.

Even this interruption only partially restored the senses of Mr. Scarlett and Miss Pennyback. Feebly turning his head, he said in a broken voice:

"Do my eyes deceive me? Am I the victim of an enchantment?"

"I do not wonder, sir, at your asking whether your eyes are deceiving you," replied Miss Pennyback. "You are but experiencing my own sensations in the middle of last night, when, having fainted away in the kitchen, I found myself in my bedroom. It is even yet a mystery to me how I reached that refuge; I could not have walked to it. Can you offer a solution, sir, of an incident so unparalleled?" Mr. Scarlett gazed before him in blank bewilderment, and Miss Pennyback continued: "This is a strange sight that we behold. I perceive that that immensely tall man has come down from the cedar-tree, and is now engaged in conversation with that little old woman in black."

"There is no doubt that we are awake, Miss Pennyback?"

"It does not admit of doubt, sir. You used a word which appears to me appropriate to what we have gone through, and to what we are at present witnessing."

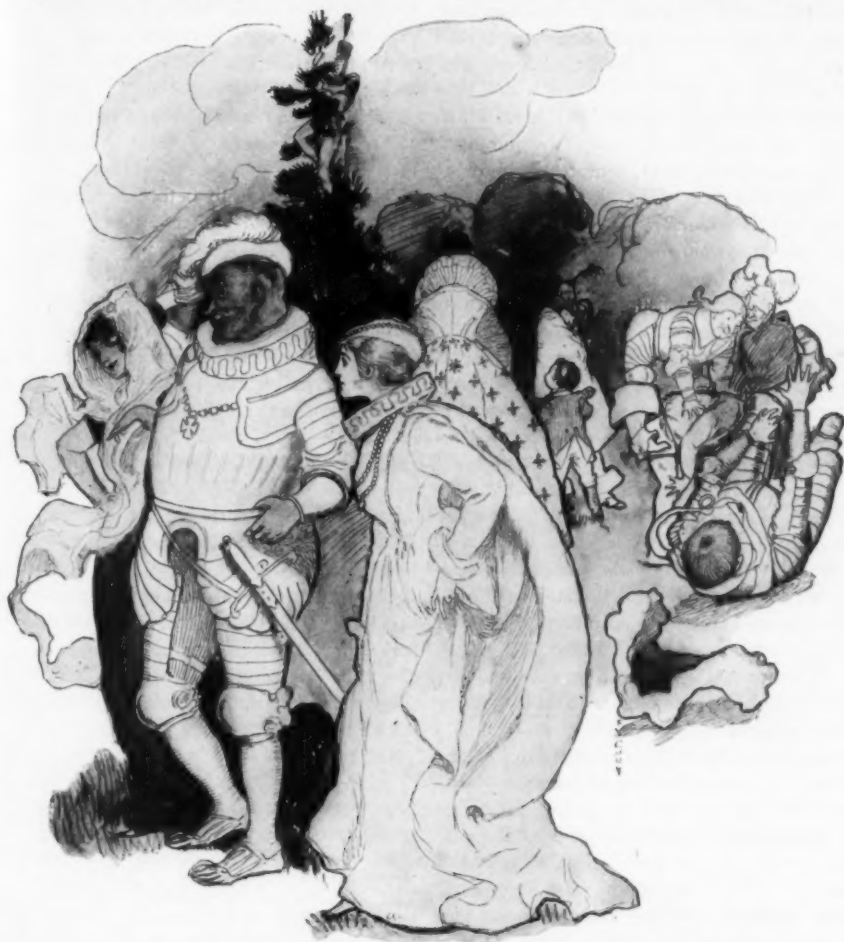
"I have no recollection of any word," said Mr. Scarlett, rubbing his brow in a vacant



manner. "So far as I am aware, I have no recollection of anything in particular."

"The word I refer to, sir, is 'enchantment.' We are not under the spell of a delusion: we are the victims of an enchantment, and the 'Arabian

with Miss Lydia is the great King Henry VIII come to life again—if such a thing *can* be. And surely I recognize the great and good Queen Elizabeth. I perceive also a personage who bears a remarkable likeness to Guy Fawkes,



"ALL THE CELEBRITIES WERE THERE WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE HEADSMAN."

Nights' comes irresistibly to my mind. In the drama that is being enacted on the lawn we have no part; we are, as it were, the audience. Lucy is seemingly employing herself in the ceremony of introducing Miss Lydia to her friends. For friends they undoubtedly are, or she would not be on smiling terms with them. The regal gentleman who is shaking hands

and an exceedingly small but very active individual. The Little Old Woman in Black is the busiest of the party, and seems to be the ruling spirit. And there! do you perceive, sir, there come all your domestics,—Molly, Maria, Belinda, Mrs. Peckham, Rowley, and Flip,—and that some communication is passing between them and the little old woman?"

"The servants do not seem to be frightened, Miss Pennyback."

"They do not, sir, though I detect an expression of anxiety on Mrs. Peckham's countenance. And, I declare, there is Belinda talking to that abnormally tall person who is dressed in a foreign military costume. She is actually making eyes at him, and Molly and Maria are following her example."

"He is probably a soldier," said Mr. Scarlett. "Our servant-girls adore the military, and the taller the man, the more they adore him. Belinda looks as if she could fall down and worship the giant."

But what was going on out on the lawn in the meantime?

The purpose of Loushkin climbing to the top of the cedar-tree was to make a survey of the surrounding country, and report thereon to Mme. Tussaud. This was accomplished when Lucy and Lydia came on the lawn; and then followed Lydia's introduction to the celebrities. She was overwhelmed with flatteries and compliments, and of course it was Henry VIII who was the most outspoken in his expressions of admiration.

"Welladay," he cried, "the maiden is passing fair! Lucie, ma belle, if thou art outshone, it is because thy fair sister is in her springtime, which thou hast not yet reached. Beshrew me! a lovelier maid we never set eyes on."

This caused Lydia to blush and Mary Queen of Scots to sigh.

It was at this point that the domestics of the establishment made their appearance.

Mrs. Peckham was in a perplexing difficulty. Last night's raid upon the larder, and the ample breakfast she had provided for the celebrities,—whose appetites were enormous, and who kept on crying for more bacon and eggs,—had exhausted her resources. Dinner had to be provided for at least a score of persons, and she had nothing to cook. She had not the courage to go to her master, so, accompanied by her subordinates, she appealed to Mme. Tussaud, and asked what was to be done.

"This is very serious," said Mme. Tussaud. "Lucy, is that your papa in the breakfast-room, staring at us?"

Lucy looked up and replied, "Yes, ma'am."

"And, if I don't mistake, that lady with him is Miss Pennyback."

"Yes, it is, ma'am."

"The supplies which Mrs. Peckham requires will cost a great deal of money. Your papa does n't seem to be in a good humor, and I have to say something to him before I can venture to make a demand on his purse; but money we must have."

"I have five pounds," said Lydia.

"Why, where did you get it, Lyddy?" asked Lucy.

"Papa gave it me before breakfast," said Lydia, laughing as she gave the five sovereigns to Mme. Tussaud. "When Harry comes, he will give us as much as we want."

"Money is not our only difficulty," said Mme. Tussaud, patting Lydia's cheek. "We dare not let any of the domestics out of the place to purchase supplies. They would gossip to the tradesmen, and all the fat would be in the fire."

"You can trust Harry," said Lydia.

"Good," said Mme. Tussaud. "We will appoint him our controller of the commissariat. He alone shall be allowed to go in and out the house."

She hastened to Mrs. Peckham, told her that things would be all right, and desired her to make out a list of her requirements. Then she called a council of war, at which, after solemn deliberation, the following articles were drawn up:

1. That Marybud Lodge be declared to be in a state of siege, and be regarded as a fortress.
2. That only two persons be admitted into the fortress—Harry Bower and Lorimer Grimweed.
3. That none of the celebrities, nor any of the domestics, nor any member of the Scarlett family, nor Lorimer Grimweed, be permitted, under any pretext whatever, to leave the fortress or the fortifications.
4. That only Harry Bower shall have free ingress and egress.
5. That by day and night the strictest watch be kept upon the two entrances to the fortress, and that all the gentlemen take this duty upon themselves, the duration of each watch to be two hours, when the guard will be relieved.
6. That knocks at the door and rings at the bell be answered by Sir Rowley and Flip of the Odd, under the surveillance of the guard, who shall keep tight hold of their collars when the door is opened, and shall not allow themselves to be seen by the persons calling.

A further article, proposed by Richard III, that any person transgressing any of the articles be instantly put to death, was rejected, much to that monarch's displeasure.

During the time employed in these deliberations Mr. Scarlett and Miss Pennyback remained in the breakfast-room, and it was with trepidation that they now observed the Little Old Woman in Black advancing toward them. There were French windows to the room, opening out upon the lawn, and upon one of the panes Mme. Tussaud tapped and motioned them to admit her.

As Miss Pennyback did not stir, Mr. Scarlett opened the window himself, and when Mme. Tussaud entered he had the politeness to offer her a chair.

"Thank you," said Mme. Tussaud; "for the present I prefer to stand. Now, why do you two foolish people remain indoors on such a fine day as this? Why do you not enjoy the air?"

"Are we free to issue forth?" asked Miss Pennyback, in the voice of one who has suffered imprisonment for a great number of years.

"Perfectly free. But perhaps it will be as well that we come to an understanding. Miss Pennyback will do me the favor to retire while I confer with the master of Marybud Lodge."

"You have addressed me by name," said Miss Pennyback. "Allow me to observe that you have the advantage of me."

"You wish to know who I am, but if you were familiar with the attractions of the metropolis you would not ask the question. All the civilized world—and even some barbarians—know that I am Mme. Tussaud."

"Of waxwork fame?" inquired Miss Pennyback.

"Precisely. Of waxwork fame."

"That, madam, is simply impossible. I am not *quite* out of my senses."

"Not quite, I hope," said Mme. Tussaud, with a waggish nod. "So you think it impossible I can be Mme. Tussaud?"

"The idea is ridiculous."

"Is it? I was under a different impression. However, we will not argue. Kindly retire. I have matters of private interest to discuss

with Lucy's and Lydia's papa. Sweet girls! You are to be envied, sir. It is not many fathers who are blessed with daughters so charming. Miss Pennyback, did you hear me ask you to retire?"

"So far as I am aware," replied that lady, "my sense of hearing is not impaired. I hear every word you say."

"Well?"

"I consider it advisable to remain; I prefer to remain. You made the remark that every one is free to do as he (or she) pleases."

"Within limits, Miss Pennyback," said Mme. Tussaud, with a genial laugh. "Be advised. If you stay here it will be at your peril."

"I shall stay here," said Miss Pennyback, "unless Mr. Scarlett commands me to retire, or you use force to eject me."

"I shall not use force," said Mme. Tussaud, her eyes twinkling with fun, "but I shall take steps to render you deaf to the conversation between me and your employer. Listen. I am going to count three slowly, to give you time to change your mind. If when the last number passes my lips you are still in the room, I shall practise upon you a harmless little piece of magic."

"If you think to frighten me," said Miss Pennyback, making a brave show of resistance, though she was inwardly quaking, "you are greatly mistaken."

"Very good," said Mme. Tussaud. "One—"

"I shall not stir from this room," said Miss Pennyback, in a trembling voice, "unless Mr. Scarlett commands me."

"Two—"

"You may count till you're blue in the face, madam."

"Three."

"I have heard some absurd things in my life," said Miss Pennyback, "but of all the—"

Mme. Tussaud touched her with the magic cane, and she became instantly dumb and immovable.

## CHAPTER XIX.

HOW MME. TUSSAUD BRINGS PAPA TO REASON.

"Now we can have our chat in comfort," said Mme. Tussaud to Mr. Scarlett, who was gazing with astonishment at the remarkable

appearance of Miss Pennyback. Her eyes were wide open and fixed, her hand was raised as though to ward off a blow, her lips were parted, but not another word did she utter.

"It *is* enchantment," he murmured.

"Yes, my dear sir, if you like to call it so," said Mme. Tussaud. "You need not be at

but the fashion has died out, as most fashions do. There is, however, one fashion, Mr. Scarlett, that since the day of creation has never changed, and that to the end of time never will change."

"Pardon me a moment," said Mr. Scarlett, casting a troubled glance at the rigid form of



"THEIR STATE OF MIND WAS BY NO MEANS REASSURED BY THE ASTOUNDING BEHAVIOR OF BELINDA." (SEE PAGE 506.)

all alarmed about Miss Pennyback. She is perfectly happy, and will be none the worse for her little nap when I awaken her. As we are to discuss family matters, I thought it advisable in your interests that she should not be present."

"But she *is* present," said Mr. Scarlett, his breath coming short and thick.

"In body, but not in spirit. To all intents and purposes she might be at the north pole. Lucy tells me you indulge in snuff. Oblige me with a pinch. Thank you. Try mine. In my young days snuff-taking was all the fashion,

Miss Pennyback. "Are you sure she is comfortable?"

"Perfectly so. The sight of her seems to annoy you. Shall I put her behind this screen?"

"No, no! The consciousness that she was lurking behind a screen would distress me. You were observing—"

"That there is one fashion which will never be out of date. I allude to the fashion of falling in love. I mean no offense, sir, but may I ask if you married for love?"

"I did," Mr. Scarlett blurted out. The confession seemed forced from him.

"You were not forced to marry a lady you detested?"

"No, certainly not."

"And the lady you married, the mother of Lucy and Lydia, was not forced to marry a man *she* detested?"

"N-n-no."

"And you were happy? Neither of you ever had occasion to repent it?"

"No. But, if you will excuse me,—"

"Excuse *me*. Following the good example of her parents, Lydia has fallen in love, and it is to bring happiness to her young heart that I and my celebrities have journeyed to Marybud Lodge."

"There is no deception, is there?" asked Mr. Scarlett. "You are what you represent yourself to be?"

"Upon my honor as a lady of world-wide fame," replied Mme. Tussaud, "there is no deception."

"And the ladies and gentlemen playing on my lawn?"

"Are what *they* represent themselves to be. The public journals would soon bring me to book if they were not. The public labors under a delusion respecting us. They think that we have no feelings, that we have no heart. They are mistaken. We are ever ready to come forward in defense of the weak, to take up their cause and make it our own. When next you visit my show and gaze upon my motionless form, you will perhaps believe that nothing escapes my eyes or ears, and that when I hear a little child sob quietly to herself, it is my earnest desire to ascertain the cause of her grief, in order that I may relieve it. That is what happened last night, when most of my visitors had gone down to the refreshment-room."

"A little child had been brought to my show, and her friends, who were young lovers, had lost sight of her. So she was left to herself, and was sitting on a bench near me, with a sorrow on her sweet face that penetrated my heart. No persons were near her to witness her distress. The tears in her eyes grew larger, her little breast heaved. It was an inward grief which was oppressing her, a secret trouble for which I thought there must surely be

a remedy. I sympathized so deeply with the dear girl that I could no longer restrain myself. I spoke to her—I learned the cause of her misery—"

"Stop a moment, please," said Mr. Scarlett. "When you spoke to her did n't she run away?"

"No. I never speak to a child except in kindness. Ah, my dear sir, it often happens that, wrapped in our own selfish wishes and desires, we elder people are apt to be careless in regard to the happiness of the young children dependent upon us, are apt to forget that we draw our sweetest happiness from them, that our lives would be desolate without them, and the world a desert. The gratitude which our children owe to us for the sacrifices we make for them is small in comparison to the gratitude we owe to them for the daily, the hourly pleasure they bring into our lives."

She wiped her eyes, and Mr. Scarlett wiped his.

"Shall we, then," she continued, "be deaf to our child's pleading—our child, now grown to be a woman, and one of the sweetest flowers in the garden of our house—shall we change the love she bore for us to hate?"

"Hate!" cried Mr. Scarlett, clasping his hands. "No, no—not that!"

"Yes, that," said Mme. Tussaud. "Put yourself in the maiden's place; see with her eyes, feel with her heart, judge with her mind, and find the answer. You know that the little child I speak of as being overwhelmed with grief is your daughter Lucy."

"Yes, I know."

"And that the maiden I speak of is Lydia."

"Yes, I know."

"Oblige me by telling me if you consider Harry Bower a despicable character."

"By no means a despicable character. Quite the reverse."

"Can you bring evidence to prove that he is unworthy the love of an English maiden?"

"No, I cannot."

"Is he not an earnest, upright young fellow, and does he not love your daughter as a girl should be loved, truly, sincerely, and for her sake alone?"

"Yes, I think he does."



"Now, can you give the Grimweed man as good a character?"

"N-no, not exactly. I don't believe I can. They are different kind of men, you know."

"Oh, I know. How old is Harry?"

"Twenty-five."

"And Lydia is eighteen. Very suitable. How old is the Grimweed man?"

"He says he is forty-five."

"He says! Then we can put three years on, at least. That will make him forty-eight. When Lydia is forty he will be seventy. How does that strike you?" Mr. Scarlett was silent. "Well, well, I'll not press you, for you have met me very frankly. Now about this lease of Marybud Lodge, which the Grimweed man will not renew unless Lydia consents to marry him. Suppose we make him give you the lease without any such stipulation, will you consent to Harry's engagement with Lydia?"

"Willingly, willingly! I always liked Harry Bower better than Mr. Grimweed. But, you see, it would well-nigh break my heart to be compelled to leave the Lodge—"

"Best not speak of breaking hearts," said Mme. Tussaud, grimly. "I told Lydia to write to Harry, and he will soon be here. You have no objection?"

"None in the least. Though it is rather awkward, for Mr. Grimweed will be here, too, with the new lease drawn up, ready for signature."

"Never mind that. I will attend to the awkwardness. There will be such an array of signatures on that lease as witnesses as would make autograph-hunters stare. I suppose, Mr. Scarlett, that we may look upon ourselves as welcome guests."

"Quite welcome—but rather distracting and bewildering, you know."

"I dare say; but, as I heard Queen Elizabeth remark to Tom Thumb this morning, 'There are more things in heaven and earth' (Mr. Scarlett) 'than are dreamt of in our philosophy.'"

"Queen Elizabeth! Genuine? Really genuine?"

"Really genuine. And Henry VIII and Mary Queen of Scots and Oliver Cromwell, and others, with whom you will presently make

acquaintance. There is positively no deception. You will find them very pleasant company. Do you invite us to dinner, Mr. Scarlett?"

"Yes, certainly—though I fear we are not very well provided for such a large number of guests."

"We will attend to all that. That dear Lydia of yours has given us five pounds, and of course you will contribute toward the expenses. Thank you." Mr. Scarlett had handed her two five-pound notes. "Mrs. Peckham, whom Henry VIII has created Marchioness of Barnet—"

"What!" shouted Mr. Scarlett. "My cook a marchioness!"

"It is quite true," said Mme. Tussaud, holding her sides with laughter, "with a thousand marks a year in land, and another thousand from his royal treasury to support her dignity. And he has made Rowley a knight—he is Sir Rowley now."

"Marchioness of Barnet! Sir Rowley!" gasped Mr. Scarlett, great beads of perspiration bursting out on his forehead.

"Yes. At what hour do you dine?" asked Mme. Tussaud, in a matter-of-fact tone.

"At any hour convenient to their Majesties," replied Mr. Scarlett, the feeling of strangeness at being surrounded by such singular visitors beginning to wear away.

"We will say seven o'clock," said Mme. Tussaud, "and we will lunch upon the lawn at half-past one. Afternoon tea, of course?"

"Of course. We always have a cup."

"Most refreshing. Was I right in supposing that you would not have wished Miss Pennyback to hear our conversation?"

"I should not have wished it."

"It is quite private between us. Honor—"

"Bright," he added briskly.

"Honor bright. As my dear little Tom Thumb would say, shake."

They shook hands, and then he looked at the statueque figure of Miss Pennyback and said: "Will she remain in that state long? I am really anxious about her."

"I will now restore her to consciousness."

"One moment, I beg. Could you do that to me?"

"I can do it to any one who displeases me,

or whom I wish to punish. It is done with this cane. Very simple."

"Far from it. It is most astonishing. Oblige me by bringing her to."

Mme. Tussaud deliberately arose, and reaching over, touched Miss Pennyback with the magic cane.

"—I never heard a more absurd thing than that," said Miss Pennyback.

"Than what?" asked Mr. Scarlett, his eyes by this time almost starting out of his poor bewildered head.

"Did you not catch what I said, sir?" said Miss Pennyback, with extreme vivacity. "I remarked to this ridiculous old lady that I had heard some absurd things in my life, but of all the absurd things I ever heard, nothing was more absurd than her threatening to practise her magic arts upon me. Magic arts, indeed! I should like to know if we live in a civilized age or not."

"Miss Pennyback," said Mr. Scarlett, "when you were making that remark to Mme. Tussaud, did you happen to look at the clock?"

"I cast my eyes in that direction, sir, and observed that it was a quarter to eleven. Merciful powers! It is now five minutes to twelve!"

"An interval of an hour and ten minutes," said Mme. Tussaud, "during which Mr. Scarlett and I have had our little chat on some private family affairs without your hearing a single word of it."

"Quite true, Miss Pennyback," said Mr. Scarlett. "We have been discussing private matters while you were asleep. As you perceive,"—he waved his hand familiarly toward the lawn,—"*a number of distinguished guests are paying me a visit, and we must show them proper hospitality. Lunch at half-past one, afternoon tea at half-past four, and dinner at seven.*"

"The whole company, sir?"

"The whole company. It does not come strictly within the scope of your duties, but perhaps you will kindly see that all the leaves are put in the dining-table, and I shall be

pleased if you will assist us in entertaining. My daughters will attend to the flowers. I particularly wish the dining-room to be bright and cheerful."

"And every room and every person in the house," said Mme. Tussaud. "Bright and cheerful."

"You shall be obeyed, sir," said Miss Pennyback, meekly.

"Lydia and Lucy and I will assist you in the domestic arrangements," said Mme. Tussaud, "and I recommend you to make yourself agreeable. If you do not, I shall send you to sleep for two or three days, and have you conveyed to your chamber, as I did last night when you swooned in the kitchen. And please be nice and amiable with my people. Henry VIII is a most generous monarch, and scatters rewards with a lavish hand upon those who please him. He has already made Mrs. Peckham a marchioness, and Rowley a knight—"

"Merciful powers!" ejaculated Miss Pennyback.

"And who knows that he may not confer a title on the intellectual lady who instructs Lucy in history? There are more unlikely things than that. Now, *will* you make yourself agreeable?"

Miss Pennyback was conquered; she was incapable of further resistance. "It shall be my endeavor," she said in a faint voice.

"That's a sensible creature. Mr. Scarlett, will you give me your arm? You can join us when you wish, Miss Pennyback. In ratification of our friendship oblige me by taking a pinch of snuff."

Miss Pennyback dared not refuse. She applied a pinch to her nose, and was instantly attacked with a violent fit of sneezing. When she recovered she saw Mme. Tussaud and Mr. Scarlett walking toward the celebrities on the lawn.

"It seems real, it looks real, it feels real," she murmured. "What am I to think? Have all the years of my life been nothing but a dream, or is the world coming to an end?"

(To be continued.)

## A JAPANESE "MIDDY."

RECOLLECTIONS OF SERVICE IN THE MIKADO'S NAVY.

BY TEIICHI YAMAGATA,

*Late Ensign in the Japanese Imperial Navy, and Nephew of Marquis Yamagata, Field Marshal of the Japanese Army.*



THE AUTHOR IN HIS "MIDDY" UNIFORM.

I HAVE often observed that many healthy American boys aspire to become either a naval cadet at Annapolis or a military cadet at West Point. The same longing for martial glory fills the breast of many of the boys of Japan, but in Japan the larger percentage of boys who are eager to serve his Imperial Majesty, Mutsu-hito Ten-wo, prefer the navy to the army.

Almost as far back as I can remember, I had no other ambition than to seek fame as an officer in the Japanese navy. It may seem rather odd, therefore, that the writer's career afloat began in the *Chinese* navy and ended practically in the *French* navy, with a long interim of service under the naval flag of the Mikado.

That I would have to take up arms in the imperial service was a foregone conclusion, for I belonged to the *samurai*, the old hereditary fighting class of Japan. To have avoided the profession of arms would have been almost equivalent to inviting disgrace. Besides, I was as eager to embrace my inherited calling as any son of the *samurai* could possibly be; hence all that remained was to make a choice between the army and the navy.

While visiting relatives at Nagasaki, early in the winter of 1878-79, that seaport city was visited by the "Yu-yen," the first Chinese war-ship that ever sailed in Japanese waters. The Yu-yen

was making a round of visits to the principal Japanese ports, and Yokohama was to be among the number.

Thanks to the kind offices of my relatives, the position of Japanese interpreter to the Chinese admiral was secured for me, and thus it was that I sailed from Nagasaki in the ward-room of the Yu-yen. The admiral, who was a stout, red-faced, and very genial man, was, if I mistake not, the same Admiral Ting who was afterward defeated by the Japanese Admiral Ito.

As long as I live I shall always have very kind recollections of my treatment by the Chinese officers among whom my lot was cast during the next few months. Early in 1879 the Yu-yen reached Yokohama, where a protracted stop was made. Here my services as interpreter were to end; but the Chinese admiral, whose especial protégé I had become, urged me to remain with him a month longer, which I did.

Then came my parting from the Yu-yen and her officers. From Yokohama I went by rail to Tokio, and there began my new life as a proud aspirant for honors in the royal Japanese navy.

Being already a graduate of the public schools, the first step was now to enter the Kanda Naval Preparatory School, an institution presided over by Lieutenant Hasegawa. It was a private school, conducted under the sanction of the government, and was at that time the only naval preparatory school in the empire. This excellent school still exists; but, in addition to it, there are to-day two other naval preparatory schools, both conducted by the government, one on the grounds of the Naval College at Tokio, and the other at the Yokosuka Navy-yard.

Japan's system of selecting naval cadets is

altogether unlike the American system of appointment by Congressmen. If a Japanese boy wishes to become a naval cadet, he must first graduate from the public schools. Then he must pay his own expenses at a naval preparatory school. These expenses are equivalent, in American money, to about six dollars a month. Having graduated from the preparatory school, he forthwith enters the Naval College, and from that time on, his expenses are borne by the government. Any Japanese boy who has the necessary mental, physical, and financial qualifications can thus become a naval cadet.

It was a very proud moment for the writer, you may be sure, when he first donned the uniform of the Kanda School and became one of the four hundred students there. The uniform was plain, consisting of a simple blue jacket with a single row of brass buttons, plain blue trousers, and a naval cap of English pattern.

Our arms were not of a kind to strike terror to even the most timid heart, since they were nothing but mock wooden guns. Yet we boys must have fancied that the martial spirit of the old-time samurai dwelt in those harmless make-believe muskets, for it would have been difficult indeed to find a fiercer-looking lot of youthful warriors than we were at drill.

What did we study? First of all, the Japanese and Chinese languages, delving a little into the classics of both. Then we were obliged to write compositions in Japanese and Chinese, and disliked the tasks just as heartily as American boys do their English and Latin compositions. We were taught English also, and compositions in that language were added to our other tortures. Arithmetic, algebra, a short course in Japanese history, a short course in geography and free-hand drawing, including map-work—surely this was enough for boys of thirteen or fourteen years of age! I feel sure that all of my young American readers will agree with me on this point. Elementary military drill and instruction in rowing were elective branches; but there were few boys who did not take them up.

Five and a half days every week were devoted to these studies. The discipline was not unnecessarily strict, and, on the whole, our life

was even jollier than American boarding-school life. We were a fun-loving lot of boys, and many were the pranks we played upon one another. Even our instructors did not always escape. But "hazing," as the term is understood in the United States, is unknown to Japanese students.

Graduating from the preparatory school, I entered the Naval College in the fall term of 1881. Now I was a full-fledged naval cadet, in my first year. With what withering contempt did my classmates and I look down upon the boys of the preparatory school! We were cadets; they were, as yet, nothing!

Perhaps our new attire had much to do with our new grandeur. Our cadet uniforms were of navy blue, and the jacket of Eton pattern. On our jaunty naval caps were embroidered the insignia of our cadetship—a design in which two crossed branches inclosed an anchor and cherry blossoms. Still another honor was ours: we were now permitted to wear short swords!

A three years' course was before us—three years of downright hard work and study. At the outset each cadet was allowed to choose the department for which he preferred to fit himself, whether the navigating, medical, or engineering department. The writer chose the navigating department.

There was an average attendance of about five hundred cadets during my time at the Naval College. Many of my old classmates won fame in the late war between Japan and China. Not a few of them were killed at the naval battle of the Yalu; others lost their lives at the bombardment of Wei-hai-wei.

Discipline was far more strict here than at the preparatory school, yet we cadets did not fail to have good times, as I will presently endeavor to show. But first of all let me tell you what we studied. During our first year we devoted the forenoons to plane and solid geometry, trigonometry, history, and especially the naval history of the world. In this latter study we read many works printed in English. Japanese and English composition followed us even into the Naval College. In the afternoon an hour was devoted to military drill, while another hour was spent in mastering the details of a ship's masts, rigging, and sails.

For this latter branch of drill, a barkantine's three masts were rigged up on the grounds of the college, and, at the commands of the instructors, we scampered up and down the masts like so many squirrels. At first we were sent to the top-yards and thoroughly drilled in handling the ropes and sails there; but gradually, as we became more proficient, we were "promoted downward," reaching in time the main-yard.

(In more recent years the barkantine's masts have been replaced by an actual barkantine, moored in the river that flows by one side of the college grounds.)

The second year's course comprised lectures and recitations in mathematics, literature, naval tactics, weather observations, map-drawing, mechanical drawing, astronomy, platting from coast-survey notes, naval architecture, chemistry, and explosives.

Well do I remember some of the jokes that were perpetrated upon our instructors during that second year.

Our lecturer on literature was a civilian of very effeminate manners. One morning he came into the lecture-room, bowed to the assembled cadets, wished them a good morning, and then opened his desk. He sprang back again with a cry of dismay, for out jumped some fifty frogs. Frogs were his pet aversion. A dozen cadets less timorous than the professor rushed to his rescue, and, in great glee, soon cleared the room of the little hopping animals.

Our professor of mathematics, a naval officer detailed to that duty, was made of sterner stuff. It was a more startling surprise that, on another occasion, we prepared for him. A few of us gathered in the class-room one morning some minutes before the time for recitation, and placed inside the stove—in which, of course, there was no fire at the time—a huge cannon-cracker around which was wound a long fuse. We had calculated almost to a second the length of time that fuse would burn.

Lieutenant Takeda entered the room exactly on time, as he always did, consumed the same number of seconds as usual in crossing to his desk, bowed with his usual deliberateness, and said, "*Ohayo, mina san*" ("Good morning, young gentlemen").

Bang! The cannon-cracker exploded with

great noise and force, overturning the stove and incidentally blowing the bottom out of it.

Lieutenant Takeda turned as coolly as if on parade, glanced at the demolished stove, comprehended the situation, and again faced the class of innocent-looking youngsters.

"The length of that fuse was very well calculated, young gentlemen," he remarked.

In neither instance, I am glad to say, did the professor make any complaint against the cadets; investigation into either joke might have involved the present writer in unpleasant disciplinary consequences.

It was during the summer vacation between the second and third years that we experienced the event to which we had all looked forward—the practice cruise at sea. There were about one hundred and twenty-five in our class on that cruise, on the training-barkantine "*Junkei*," commanded by Captain James, an officer who had left the English navy to enter the Mikado's service.

That summer cruise was the hardest part of the course, the cadets being obliged to work like common sailors. Our time was largely spent in scrubbing decks, scouring the metal-work, making, taking, and furling sail, manning the boats, going through laborious gun drills—in short, applying practically all the theories we had learned at the Naval College, and fitting ourselves thoroughly to command and to instruct sailors as soon as we ourselves should reach the quarter-deck.

At the beginning of the cruise most of us experienced to the fullest possible extent the terrors of that peculiar malady known as seasickness. What a wretched, miserable lot we were for a few days! How we longed to be back in that safe, steady-going old land-craft, the imitation barkantine on the college grounds!

On the morning of the third day out from Yokohama, the *Junkei* was rolling and pitching in what appeared to most of us to be a terrifically violent sea. I remember crawling up on to the deck and lurching across to the rail. I must have looked as utterly woe-begone as I felt, for none of my superiors had the heart to order me to duty.

"I will throw myself overboard and end all this misery," I thought; and, while I had that



purpose in mind, the sea looked actually inviting.

Furtively I glanced at the watch officer, but his gaze was fixed upon me, and I thought his shrewd, searching eyes penetrated my intention. Two or three sailors, I observed, were also watching me.

"It will be useless to jump overboard," I groaned. "If I do those sailors will jump overboard, too, rescue me against my will, and bring me back again to endure this horrible illness until it finishes me."

That view of the case decided me not to attempt the leap.

"After all," I reflected, "if I am to die of this horrible seasickness, it is better to meet death like a man."

And suddenly my sickness vanished as if by magic!

Amusing and grotesque all this seems to me now; but I assure you that at the time it was tragically real.

The summer cruise over, we came back to the Naval College to enter upon our last year of academic studies. We completed our course, and the writer was one of the happy lot of youngsters who, in the spring of 1884, graduated from the Imperial Naval College.

Then began a peculiar stage in my naval career. I was a full-fledged midshipman at last, but quickly realized that that nondescript rank carried with it rather more of tribulation than of joy. In the Japanese navy the young "middy" is derisively known as a *hanbun*, which, literally interpreted, means "half." He is half sailor and half officer. On the sleeve of

his coat he wears only half of a gold stripe. His epaulets are "halved" by being denuded of fringe. Even his sword, the distinctive emblem of his noble profession of arms, is but half the length of that worn by his superiors. Not only his officers, but the sailors as well, seem to delight in impressing upon him the undeniable fact that he is but a "half-fledged" officer.

Soon, however, I emerged from the chrysalis stage of *hanbun* into the more complete existence of an ensign. I was happy at last in all but one respect—I longed to take part in a modern naval battle or two. That ambition was gratified, for the Franco-Chinese war had broken out, and my uncle (then Japanese Minister of War) prevailed upon his fellow cabinet member, the Minister of the Navy, to secure for me from the French a commission by courtesy as ensign in the French navy.

As a representative of the then youngest naval element in the emperor's service, I was sent to observe, study, and report upon French methods of naval warfare. It was my lot to take part in the naval battle of Fuchau, and in the field operations in Tonquin.

Afterward I returned to duty on the Japanese cruiser "Heyei," but a few months later resigned from the navy in order to take up my studies in the United States.

Upon my experiences in the Franco-Chinese war I have not dwelt in this article, as it has been my main purpose to afford a glimpse at the life of a "middy" in the then new and modern navy of Japan, although during a period when it was even newer and less modern than his Imperial Majesty's splendid fleet of to-day.



# A Good Advertisement



LITTLE JOHNNY: "PLEASE, MISTER, WHY DO YOU HAVE THAT HEN IN FRONT OF YOUR PLACE?"  
 THE BARBER: "TO HELP BUSINESS, SONNY. EVERY TIME A MAN OR A BOY PASSES SHE CALLS OUT, 'LOOK! LOOK! LOOK! GET-YOUR-HAIR-CUT! GET-YOUR-HAIR-CUT!'— YOU 'RE 'NEXT,' LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY!"

## ONE HUG IS ENOUGH.

PAPA, when business-hours are done,

And home he comes at set of sun,  
 Greets with wild joy his little girl;  
 As up he swings her, with a whirl,  
 Calls her his pet, his heart's delight,  
 And kisses her and clasps her tight—  
 So tight, sometimes, that she cries

"Please!

Don't give me such another squeeze!

Why, dear papa, I do declare

You're like a great big, burly bear!"  
 Then "daddy" smiles and sets her down,  
 And gently pats her curls of brown,  
 And says: "My Lady Pinafore,  
 I will not do so any more—  
 Until to-morrow!"

And next day

He greets her in the selfsame way!

But one fine evening, after tea,  
 Wee Betty climbed upon his knee  
 (She had her slate and pencil, too),  
 And said: "Now I've a rhyme for you.  
 We made it up, mama and I;  
 I'll say it for you by and by.  
 But first—before I let you see  
 My slate—you'll have to promise me  
 That you will not get in a huff,  
 For our rhyme says, 'One hug 's enough!'  
 You need n't pout, papa, nor grieve;  
 It's plain as figures, by your leave.

"Now I'll our little verse recite,  
 And you'll own up that we are right!

## BETTY'S RHYME FOR PAPA.

"Excuse me if I say to you,  
 'One hug 's enough,' and prove it, too.  
 'Enough' has letters six, you see—  
 Enough for two words, you'll agree.—  
 And those two words, most strange to say,  
 Are 'one' and 'hug,' as plain as day;  
 For here 's your *o* and *n* and *e*,  
 And there 's your *h* and *u* and *g*."

Then papa laughed and said: "My dear,  
 You've proved your claim, that's very clear.  
 Enough 's enough. Well, have it so—  
 Just one good hug, and off you go!"

*Walter J. Kenyon.*





## FOUR LITTLE GIRLS AND THEIR FOUR LITTLE STORIES.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

AWAY up on the middle fork of the one big and beautiful river of Oregon, wedged down deep between two great black mountains topped with trees and clouds and snow, a little log house nestled close by the bank of the foamy river, alive with shiny fishes. A narrow, shady road ran close by the door. Back of the house on the hillside was a clearing, set thick with apple-trees, peach-trees, and the like, and all loaded down; while the air was full of busy bees, and every one of the great dark trees up and down the steep mountains was musical with the song of birds.

Dot and Puss and Dimples and Pudge—these were the names of the four little girls who lived in the log house, but where they got their names no one but their father could tell.

It was ten miles through the thick woods to the next house; it was quite as far to their first neighbor in the other direction: and as this was a sort of stopping-place for the very few travelers who ventured on horseback over this portion of the Oregon Sierras, I drew rein at the door and shouted: "Hello the house!"

In a moment four little girls blossomed in the door—rosy, round-faced, brown-faced,

sunny-haired, hearty, happy. Beautiful? They looked as if they might have escaped from the upper world and slid down the great snow-peaks to that little home by the beautiful river.

"Might I stay?" There was a welcome to the tired stranger in every "yes," as four pretty mouths opened in chorus.

Dot, the eldest, a strong, self-reliant little girl of ten years, led my horse to the stable across the road; Dimples led me into the cabin; Puss brought water from the spring; little Pudge brought her apron full of chips from the wood-pile in the back yard; and all four were soon busy preparing supper.

The father came home, a weary man, tall and strong, lonely-looking and very silent, and swung his gun and game-pouch on the great elk-horns over the fireplace.

We had supper by the firelight; Dot with her little hands kept piling on the pine knots till the gloomy little cabin was light as day.

After a hearty meal on wild meat, Indian corn, and fish, the little girls cleared off the table, and then grouped about it with their books. But no, they could not read. They

wanted to hear about the great big world—the world that was to them like fairyland. I told them many wondrous things, the half-sad and very silent father sitting all the time back in the dark and alone.

By and by I asked them to tell me something of their books. And how learned they were! They knew much indeed of books. But their geography was mixed. All history, the "Arabian Nights," novels of all kinds, all these were jumbled in their little heads together. Yes, their mother, they said in whispers, as they glanced back at their father, had taught them ever so much. They had never seen a school-house or a church. Once they had been to camp-meeting. Yes, mother—when she was a young woman—had come from a far-off country,—from Boston,—had married, settled in the woods there, away from all the world, and, only last year, had died.

Seeing his children were now as sad as himself, as they thought of their mother, the man rose, came forward, kicked the fire till it blazed up more cheerfully, and suggested to the children that they should tell me some stories in return for mine.

"And oh, let 's make 'em up ourselves!" shouted Puss, as she clapped her dimpled hands and hitched up her chair, as did all the others, with their elbows on the table and their bright faces all at once as merry as the May.

"Certainly," answered matron Dot, "we will make 'em up all by ourselves; and you shall tell the first; only don't put in any boggy-man or ghost to scare little Pudge." And with that Dot put an arm about Pudge and drew her close to her side; while Puss smoothed down her little gingham apron, hitched her chair again, and, clearing her throat, gravely began:

"Once upon a time in Arabia—in Arabia—where—where all the giants are born and brought up and educated, there was a great giant who had no castle. So this great giant—he got up and took his club and set out to walk and walk till he could find a great castle, where he could put people in and lock 'em up and—ahem—and eat 'em. Well, he walked and he walked—ahem. And he was barefooted and he had no shoes at all. And he was bareheaded

and his hair was long—ahem, ahem. And he walked and he walked till he came to a great high mountain. And he went up to the top of that high mountain, for he thought it might have a castle on it. But he found there only a great big flat rock on the edge of a great steep precipice, with—ahem—with a railroad running along in the valley below. Yes, the—the—ahem—the Erie Railroad! Well, he lay down on the flat rock and went to sleep, and in the night he waked up and went down in the valley to get something to eat. For—for like all great and good giants he was—ahem—always hungry. Well, he found a milk-house, and he drank up all the pans of milk, and he ate up all the fresh butter,—ahem,—and he could n't find any bread, and he hurried back to his big flat rock on the mountain above the precipice, for he was getting very tired. And he lay down on his back on the big flat rock, with his hands a-holdin' tight on his head, for he felt—ahem—very queer. Well, by and by he heard a rumblin'—oh, such a rumblin'! And he was, oh, so certain his head was going to break open! And—ahem—he held tight on to his head with both his big hands. Then he did n't hear any rumblin' any more, and all was still; and he went to sleep. Ahem! But by and by such another rumblin'—oh, such a rumblin' that it made the mountain shake! And he held so tight on to his head that he almost screamed out for pain. And then he listened. And then he began to laugh. And he let go of his head and he laughed and he laughed and he laughed. For what do you think it was that rumbled so? Why, it was n't his head at all. It was only the Erie Railroad. Yes—ahem—yes, and he laughed and he rolled and he rolled and he laughed till he rolled right over that precipice, and he fell—ahem—and fell a hundred thousand feet, and he landed with his neck in the fork of a tree, and—and—ahem—died! Yes. And if you can go to foreign countries and find the Erie Railroad, and find that precipice, and stop the train, and get off and measure how high that tree is, you can tell just how tall that giant was, for, for—ahem—for if his foot could have touched the ground he could have stood up and it would n't have killed him, you see!"



"Oh! oh, Puss!" "Oh, Pussy!" cried Dot and Dimples.

"I 's glad he 's dead, anyhow, for I don't like giants," said little Pudge, as she nestled closer to Dot; and the father again came forward out of the dark and poked up the fire.

"And now, Dot, it 's your turn," said Dimples, as she reached over and buried a hand in the cloud of yellow hair that nestled on Puss's shoulder.

"Yes; and I 'll make it short, for Pudge has yawned twice. And remember, now, this is a story that has to be all told over again from the first if any one asks a single question. So don't one of you speak or I 'll never get through to-night.

"Once upon a time in a far-off country there was a flock of sheep feeding on a sloping hillside above the sea. On the great black mountain back of them there was a forest of pines, and in this forest there were a hundred thousand bears."

"Oh, my! So many?"

"Once upon a time in a far-off country there was a flock of sheep feeding —"

"Please, please, sissier Dot, I won't speak any more," pleaded Pudge.

"Well, then, don't, Pudge, because, you see, every time anybody speaks I have to go right back to the beginning and tell it all over from the first. This is one of that kind of stories, you know. But I can go ahead this once. Well, the flock of sheep went sliding their noses along on the ground very fast, and a little lamb got very tired and lay down by the side of a rock—a gray rock, I think. Yes, it went to sleep there, while its mother went on with the flock, with her nose on the ground, nibbling grass. After a while the lamb felt a cold nose moving up and down on the back of its neck, and thinking it was its kind, good mother who had come back with the flock on the way home, it lazily opened its eyes and looked up. And what do you think it saw? A great black bear!"

"Oh! And did it —?" But Pudge clapped both chubby hands over the rosy mouth with its rows of pearl just in time; and with just a little frown the story-teller went on.

"Guess I 've got you," said the bear.

"Spec' you have," said the lamb. "But you better not eat me."

"And why had I better not eat you? Humph! Come, get ready to be eaten. I 'm hungry."

"Oh, please, Mr. Bear," said the little lamb, "if you won't eat me I will take you to where there is a big Popwopsus. And if you have n't got enough after you eat the big Popwopsus, you can eat me."

"And oh, Dot, what is a —?" Just in time Pudge got her two hands over her mouth, so the story did not quite have to be told over from the first.

"Now this was a very ignorant bear, and did not know what a Popwopsus was."

"No more do you, nor anybody else," chuckled Dimples aside to herself.

"But, like all very ignorant people, it pretended to know a great deal, and said it was a bargain; and as the lamb gladly led the way up the hill to a great pine-tree, the bear muttered to himself that he could eat them both and not half try.

"There you are, sir," said the lamb, pointing to a great high heap of gum that had oozed from the tree. "Help yourself."

"Now this bear thought this must be delicious food indeed; so, pretending to know all about it, he gruffly bowed his thanks to the lamb; and reaching up, he opened his great red mouth, threw his arms about the fat wax Popwopsus, and hugging it tight, greedily bit off its sticky head!

"Well, you should have seen that bear's mouth! And jaws! And feet! Gum! Gum! Nothing but gum!

"And you should have seen that little lamb laugh! He just stuck his little fists in his little sides and danced up and down for delight.

"And the bear pawing at his own teeth! And gnawing at his paws! Oh, my! And he rolled over, and the leaves stuck fast, and he began to look as big as an elephant. And so the lamb pitied him and said:

"Come, I 'll take you back to where I found you." And so he went back down the hill, and the poor bear hobbled and rolled on after.

"But pretty soon they met the sheep. Then

a big ram with great bent horns bowed to the bear. And the bear thought it was all right. But, I tell you, whenever a ram bows to you, look out! Well, the rams all bowed to that bear, and then they began to come. Jump! Bump! Thump! And over that bear went,

country, and was very nearly crying with fright, she meekly held her head to one side and managed to go on. "Once upon a time, in a very foreign country, there lived in a great coal-mine a man with a leather nose. Now this man was a Norwegian, and he had a name that was so



"AND YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN THAT LITTLE LAMB LAUGH!"

heels over head, till he rolled into the sea and was turned into a great big island that was all surrounded by water."

"Oh, my! Who ever heard a lamb talk! Now I don't b'lieve that t'other story, too!" said Pudgy.

"Pudgy, Pudgy! But now Dimples; and then little Pudgy."

"Once upon a time in a foreign country a—very, very foreign country," and here little Dimples stopped, rolled up her dimpled hands in her coarse apron as if they had been cocoons in silk, and began it all over again. She did this two or three times in her great embarrassment, and at last, after assuring us over and over again that it was in a very, very foreign

long that it took a man a day and a half to pronounce it, and —"

"Now, Dimples! Oh, Dimples!"

"Well, Dot, I 'll pronounce it if you like. It may not take a day and a half, but it will take some time."

"Skip the name, then, and hurry up, for Pudgy is very sleepy."

"Well, then, they called him Old Leather Nose. And whenever anybody called him Old Leather Nose there was a fight; for he was very, very sensitive on that point. Now this was in California.

"After a while he got sick; and the doctor, who was afraid of him and wanted to get him out of the way, told him he had a certain kind

of disease. And it was a Latin disease that was even harder to pronounce and longer than his name; so we will skip the Latin disease, although I know it and can pronounce it very well, sister Dot.

"Now the doctor told Old Leather Nose that the only way to cure him was to plant him in the ground in a deep hole up to the chin, under a great pine-tree up on a great high mountain, and keep him there, with only one pipe to smoke, till the sun rose in the morning.

"And so the doctor took ten men, and they carried Old Leather Nose from the Norwegian coal-mine up on a high mountain somewhere in Florida, where there are a great many ferocious walruses, and they planted him up to the beard, and gave him a pipe to smoke. Yes, and when they began to plant him he took off his leather nose and laid it carefully down on a chip by the side of—"

"And did it cure him all well, Dimples? Did it, Dimples?"

"Pudgey dear, the walruses came down in the night and ate his head off smooth with the ground. And that's all."

"Oh, how dreadful! My sakes alive! But he tum'd to life again! he tum'd to life again! — did n't he?"

"Yes, little Pudge, but that is another story. And don't go to sleep just yet. It's your turn now. Only a little one, dear, and then papa will put Pudge in her little trundle-bed."

"Once upon a time in a—in a—" And the little fists dug and doubled about the great, dreamy eyes, and tried to push away the mass

of curls that curtained them, and with much effort the sleepy little girl got through with this little fragment of a story: "Once upon a time dey was mice an' mice an' mice. Oh, my, such a mice in a fur—furrin tuntry. An' a man he goed a fousand hundred miles to brin' a fousand hundred tats for to tatch 'em. An' he do an' he dit a wadon an' dey brin' him tats. An' dey brin' him a fousand hundred tats. An' he put 'em in a wadon, an' he start for to do for to tatch 'em mice. An' he tame by a house, an' de dog bark, an' de tats back up on de wadon look like a load o' hay. An'—an'—oh, my, I is so s'eeepy! An'—an' he tame by a tamp-meetin'. An' de tamp-meetin' sin' er hymn; an' den er tats sin' a song, too. An' den er tamp-meetin' have to stop—an' den—an' den—er—"

And the little round face bowed down and buried itself in the folded arms on the table. The silent father came forward from his now very dark corner, and taking the little sleeper from her sister, placed her in the trundle-bed. In a few minutes one more was beside her, and two in the little bunk over the trundle-bed. The father and I were soon in bed in the adjoining room, with the door open between.

And when he thought I slept, he rose up softly, went into the other room, drew out the trundle-bed noiselessly, and kissed his four little motherless girls, with only God to see him. Then he stepped to the door, drew a great bolt across it, and, taking his rifle from the rack, set it in reach at his bedside, ready to defend his babes. And then we slept.





## "WANTED."

BY MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

MRS. JOHN CLAYTON and her only son were at breakfast in the smallest breakfast-room possible to a small house. There was nothing small about the breakfast, however; the porridge-dish and milk-pitcher were of goodly size, and both well filled.

"You're sure you don't mind it, dear?" asked John, Jr., tenderly, as he held out his bowl for a second help. His mother laughed brightly.

"Oh, Jack! if your father were only safe at home again I'd be willing to live on porridge and milk to the end of my days!"

"But then, you see, I don't intend you to do that," answered her son, stoutly. "This is the third day — 'three times and out,' you know. I'm bound to find something this morning. I'll just look over the 'wanted' column before I start; there may be somebody in search of a young fellow of my pattern." He ran his eye over the column. "There's only one that 'looks likely,'" he said, pulling open his knife to cut the advertisement out, and reading as he cut:

"Wanted, a young man not under seventeen nor over twenty-five, who is not afraid of work. Call at 47 W. Blank Street."

"But that may mean a porter, or a gardener, or a footman, or anything," said his mother, doubtfully. Jack laughed.

"I could n't conscientiously recommend myself as footman or gardener," he replied, "but I'd make a capital porter; for instance —" and he picked his good-sized mother up, and,

after almost setting her on the sideboard, let her gently down to the floor.

"You disrespectful boy!" And she boxed his ears lightly.

"I'll take that for my accolade," he said, kissing her heartily. "I'm going out to fight the world for you, lovely woman!" And with a gay laugh he was gone.

"Dear fellow!" murmured his mother, as she gathered up the spoons, "how brave he is! How proud John will be of him. Never one word about his disappointment, when he had chosen his profession and all. He seems to think only of me."

Meanwhile Jack's long legs were carrying him rapidly over the forty or fifty blocks which lay between his home and 47 West Blank Street. The keen air and quick motion brought a bright color into his brown cheeks, and a more pleasantly hearty and healthy-looking young man than the one who rang at the aforesaid number at precisely nine o'clock would have been hard to find. A dignified butler opened the door of the quaint, old-fashioned house, and ushered Jack into a large, cheerful library. Every curtain was drawn back, every shade raised, and the room was flooded with autumn sunshine. A fire of unsplit oak and hickory logs burned upon brass andirons, on a wide and deep hearth, and a plump white cat, stretched upon the hearth-rug in friendly proximity to a huge St. Bernard dog, gave the finishing touches to this picture of comfort. The room was lined with

well-filled bookcases; a convenient library table stood in the center, surrounded by deep, cushioned chairs and a luxurious lounge. A small revolving book-rack stood on one corner of the hearth-rug, between the lounge and an easy-chair. In giving his card to the stately butler, Jack had mentioned that he came in answer to the advertisement; and the servant, after showing him into the library, took the card upstairs, and returned presently, saying:

"My master begs that you will wait half an hour, as he is particularly engaged, and that you will amuse yourself with the books."

"All right," said Jack, cheerfully, adding to himself, as the solemn man withdrew, "It's not a bad place for spending half-hours or half-days in, by any means!"

He turned to the small open book-case, in preference to attacking the larger ones, and smiled at the singular medley he found there. One side held the latest scientific works; another, grammars of living and dead languages; a third, a fine collection of antique books, with covers worn and torn; and the fourth, a most remarkable array of fiction—French novels, translated and in the original, the latest trash from the most notably sensational pens, both American and English.

"Ah! I wonder what he'd think if I should ask him to lend me this book"; and Jack pounced upon a valuable and expensive work upon mechanical engineering. He read for a few moments standing, then dropped into the nearest chair and read on. The white cat, as if mistaking him for the usual occupant of the chair, sprang upon its arm and nestled down, purring. The great dog rose slowly, stretched himself, and laid his splendid head upon Jack's knee. "Good fellow!" said Jack, giving him an absent-minded pat; and the dog stood contentedly, slowly waving his banner of a tail, and did not move, even when Jack drew out notebook and pencil and began taking notes from the book he was so eagerly reading.

The half-hour passed quickly. Jack was quite unconscious of any presence save that of the friendly brutes, when a short, dry cough and a strongly interrogative "Well?" made him suddenly twist his chair around and look up.

Before him stood a keen-eyed old gentleman,

in an immaculate black suit, with very white linen and hair. Jack rose at once, and too suddenly to please the feelings of the dog and cat.

"I've been standing within three feet of you for five minutes," said the old gentleman, in a voice which somehow made Jack think of parchment. "What were you reading? A French novel or an English one?"

"Neither," replied Jack, coloring a little under the steady gaze of the earnest gray eyes. "I found a work on engineering which I've been wishing to see, and I was reading that. I beg your pardon for keeping you standing, but I assure you I did not know you were there."

"I accept your apology," said the old gentleman, dryly, "and now we'll proceed to business. I did not choose to state fully, in my advertisement, what I wished. I preferred seeing the applicants first. What reference have you as to your character?"

Jack promptly named two or three well-known professional men.

"Hum!" said the other. "You understand, young man, that it's a reference as to character, and not attainments, for which I'm asking?"

"Yes, sir," replied Jack, with a significant quietness. "These gentlemen are all old friends of my father's and lifelong friends of mine."

"Very good!" and the inquisitor smiled a little. "Who, and what, is your father, by the way?"

"His name is Clayton"; and Jack held his head up proudly. "He is a scientist, and he is absent just now upon a scientific expedition to South Africa."

"Pleasant place for an excursion!" muttered the old gentleman, adding suddenly: "And why are n't you studying for a profession, I'd like to know?"

"The man whom my father left in charge of his affairs has absconded with the greater part of our money, and I have postponed my studies until I see my way clear to take them up again," answered Jack, stiffly.

"Only postponed 'em, eh?" and the old gentleman chuckled. "What did you mean to be?"

"I *do* mean to be a lawyer!" Jack did not know how defiantly he said that.



"Then what do you want with a book on engineering?"

"I am offered the chance to study, and afterward enter as junior partner, in the office of a man whose practice is chiefly railroad litigation, and he told me that it would save me time and trouble hereafter if I would post myself upon mechanical engineering first. And now may I ask what are the duties of the situation you are offering?"

"Very good! Very good!" cried the old gentleman, briskly. "But I have just one more question to ask — old folks are apt to be idly curious, you know"; and he chuckled once more. "Will that offer of which you spoke keep, or is it to be taken or left at once?"

Jack's face clouded as he replied:

"I do not know positively, but I am afraid that it will only keep a few months, at furthest."

"So! now we'll proceed to business. I want a night-watchman in my warehouse." He eyed Jack narrowly, but the young man made a tolerably successful effort not to look disconcerted.

"I want a young, strong, wide-awake fellow to watch for two weeks over the largest and most valuable cargoes that my ships ever brought from India, China, and Japan. If I find the man I'm looking for, he may have the chance of a better situation at the end of the two weeks, but I make no promise as to that. For the two weeks I'll give, to a suitable person, one hundred dollars and his board; he will not be needed through the day, and should he prefer to board at home I will allow him twenty dollars more. I see no reason why you should not be the man, if your reference proves satisfactory, but I never do anything important without sleeping on it, so I'll give you my answer to-morrow morning, and then you can give me yours."

"I can give you mine now," said Jack; "I shall be glad to accept the situation, should you be satisfied with my reference."

"Very well," replied the old gentleman. "Now you may go. I'll lend you that book you were reading, if you like. Or, stop a bit — I wish you'd sleep here to-night. I have a special reason for wishing to be called at six,

sharp, to-morrow morning, and you look as if you had some sense. If I tell Jenkins to call me, he'll knock once, and go away. I'm a heavy sleeper sometimes, and this is important. You'll be doing me a favor if you'll stay and get me up at six — in spite of myself, if need be."

"Very well," said Jack; "I'll do so, with pleasure" — and he could not repress a little smile at the anticipation of shaking up the inquisitive old gentleman the next morning. "But," he added, "I must go back and tell my mother about it, and find some one to sleep in my room — I cannot leave her alone in the house."

"Where are the servants?" asked the old gentleman, abruptly.

"We don't keep any, at present," replied Jack, with equal abruptness, adding: "I will be here by nine o'clock, if you wish."

"I do," said the other, and nothing more was said on either side, except "good morning."

When Jack recounted this strange interview to his mother, she did not know whether to laugh or cry, and so did a little of both. When the story was finished, "You may depend upon it that he's insane," she said apprehensively. "Don't have anything more to do with him, dear; write and say that you've changed your mind."

"But I have n't, Madam Clayton," answered Jack, laughing. "He's not a bit insane, only queer; and, even if he were, I'm about twice as large as he is and equal even to the strength of his insanity — and, just think! one hundred dollars for two weeks! It's princely! We can pay a half-year's rent in advance to begin with, and by the time the rest is gone we shall have the money from the sale, and it's a poor story if I can't find something permanent before that is gone."

"But I can't bear it," faltered his mother, "that you should be a night-watchman, when you have graduated from college and stood high in everything."

"This from you, unworthy descendant of a 'Signer'? Shades of my ancestors!" And Jack began the Declaration of Independence, and kept on until his mother stopped her ears. Then he went out to engage his most intimate friend to sleep in his room, and after a merry supper he started briskly off for 47 West Blank Street.

He found his prospective employer at the library table, apparently engaged with a mathematical problem.

"By the way," said the old gentleman, as Jack was shown into the library, "I forgot to tell you my name; it's Tyler—Thomas Tyler. I'm tempted to close our engagement to-night. Your references will do very well. But I can't break a life-long habit—I must sleep on it."

He paced the room for a few moments, apparently absorbed in his own thoughts. Then, as if laying aside a rough outer garment, he began to discourse upon books and authors, and held Jack entranced till the clock struck eleven. At the last stroke he rose and held out his hand, with "Good night! You're not a bad listener. Your room is next to mine, and I shall not lock the door between, for you may have to come in and shake me. My man has set the alarm-clock at five-forty-five; that will give you fifteen minutes to stretch in. The alarm has lost its effect upon me, but perhaps you're not used to it. Not, eh? Very good. Then there's no doubt of its waking you. We'll breakfast at six-thirty sharp, and by seven I shall be off. I'll give you your answer at six-forty-five."

He said the last words over his shoulder as he trotted upstairs, and Jack followed, smiling and half inclined to adopt his mother's idea that the man was crazy. But Jack's two long walks and the most comfortable of beds conspired to cut short speculation and amusement.

He placed the clock close by his head, and it seemed to him that he had just turned over after doing so when he was waked by what he at first believed to be an earthquake. He sat up, rubbing his eyes, and saw by the dim and chilly light that the hands of the clock pointed to five-forty-five.

Making a brief and temporary toilet, he knocked first lightly, then loudly, at the door of the adjoining room. Hearing no response, he repeated the knock, and then opened the door. There, peaceful as an infant, lay the sleeping Mr. Tyler. A gentle, satisfied snore rose and fell with his respiration, and Jack, with a feeling of profound pity, gave him an equally gentle shake. His limpness was discouraging. "I can't shake his poor old head off," muttered Jack, after repeating the treatment as long and

as hard as he dared, "and he would n't like it if I were to stick a pin in him—I'll try pulling the clothes off!" He tried it. The sleeper snored on. In despair, Jack lifted him bodily and tried to set him in an arm-chair. He collapsed, slipping through Jack's arms into a helpless heap in the chair, and slept on. Desperate, Jack looked about the room for a suggestion. He was not long in finding one. The door into the adjoining bath-room was half open. Jack hastened thither, and seizing a large sponge, turned the cold water upon it, gave it a hasty squeeze and then rushed back to his charge. "There's no help for it," said Jack to himself, grimly. "He told me he *must* be waked!" And he thrust the wet sponge against the nose and mouth of his apparently unconscious victim, and held it there. As if the touch of the water had been an electric shock, the old gentleman stiffened, sat up, gasped, sputtered, opened his eyes wide, and remarked politely:

"Young man, you can go and dress yourself. It is my lifelong habit to take a cold bath every morning."

Too much astonished to reply, Jack returned to his room, took his own bath, dressed, and entered the breakfast-room by one door as his host, fresh and rosy under his white hair, came in by another. No allusion was made to the involuntary awakening, but at six-forty-five Mr. Tyler said:

"Young man, I engage you for the two weeks. I shall look for you at four o'clock this afternoon, when I shall show you over the warehouse. Then you can go home, get your supper, and sleep till nine o'clock. I wish you to be at the warehouse for the night at ten o'clock punctually." He talked pleasantly with Jack until both had eaten a hearty breakfast, and then dismissed him.

Jack's two weeks as night-watchman passed with but one event. Mr. Tyler had objected to firearms in the building, asserting that if a stout club and the burglar-alarm proved insufficient, he would bear the responsibility. It was, however, with something very near to fear that Jack, on the last round of his last night, suddenly found himself confronted by a man in a cloak and black mask, who, pointing a revolver at his head, said coolly:



"BEFORE HIM STOOD A KEEN-EYED OLD GENTLEMAN IN AN IMMACULATE BLACK SUIT."  
Vol. XXXI.—67.

"Give me the keys quietly, and I'll not hurt you."

"I don't know how in thunder you got in, but I know how you're going out!" said Jack, savagely, and striking up the arm which held the pistol he prepared to bring his club down violently upon the intruder's head.

my arm, young man," he said tranquilly, "but you meant well, and it is my lifelong habit to judge people, so far as I can, by their intentions rather than by their actions."

"I'm sorry if your arm is hurt," said Jack, a little sullenly, "but I think you must admit it's your own fault. I don't like tricks, and

this one might easily have turned out pretty seriously for both of us."

"Generally speaking, you are right," said Mr. Tyler, quite unruffled, and feeling his arm as he spoke. "No; I find that it is not broken—arnica will soon reduce the swelling. I would like you to call at four this afternoon. I have some further employment for you. Good morning."

He was gone before Jack could ask a question or speak a word, and when that hero of one fight presented himself in the library at the appointed time, the arnica treatment appeared to have been successful.

"Young man," said Mr. Thomas Tyler, solemnly, after seeing Jack comfortably seated, "I have been looking for you for the last ten years, and I congratulate myself and you that I have found you before it is too late."

Jack's mouth was open to suggest that ten years ago he had been a boy

of eleven; but Mr. Tyler, with a majestic wave of his hand, silenced him and continued:

"Do not interrupt me, if you please! Your turn will come presently. I repeat it, I have been looking for ten years for a suitable person



"JACK SUDDENLY FOUND HIMSELF CONFRONTED BY A MAN IN A CLOAK AND BLACK MASK."

Jack wondered why the pistol did not go off; but his wonder was lost in astonishment as the burglar whipped off his mask and revealed the rosy face of Thomas Tyler.

"I'm very much afraid you've nearly broken

to study law under my immediate supervision, subsequently to share, and eventually to inherit, my practice, which is large. My importing business is in the charge of long-time associates and partners. When I began the search I had no idea of what I was undertaking. I am fatigued with it, and with the duties of my profession. If your career continues as it has begun, you will succeed me sooner than you would have done if I had found you ten years ago, but not without working for it, sir. I can assure you that you will *not* be carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease! These are my terms: I will pay you, for the first year, one thousand dollars. For this I shall expect your diligent service, the first half of every day, at whatever I ask you to do, copying, errand-going, hunting up references for me,—my memory does n't work as it once did, I find,—anything, in short, which I should ask my son to do, if I had ever had one. The afternoon and evening will be entirely your own, and I shall expect you to make good use of them for your own advancement. The second year, and the years to come, will depend upon your use of the first. Do you agree to these terms?"

Jack sprang up, holding out his hand. His eyes were sparkling, his breath came fast. "Do I agree?" he cried. "Oh, Mr. Tyler, how can I ever thank you enough? I thought—I was afraid—" His voice broke, and he stopped.

"Tut, tut, young man!" said Mr. Tyler, severely. "You need n't go on like this. You'd have hacked your way out somehow—I've only sharpened your ax for you. Let me see," and he pulled a note-book from his pocket. "You're the twenty-eighth. Of the others, I found all but three reading novels: seven the translations, thirteen the English, and four the American ones. Of these three two failed on the waking test and one on the burglar test. I almost condoned the latter failure, but not quite; a lawyer wants all his wits where he can lay his hand on them at once and in the dark. To the other twenty-four I mentioned that the position I had to offer was that of night-watchman merely to see the effect. In every case it was declined with visible scorn."

"And do you mean to say," exclaimed Jack, "that you were shamming sleep—that you were n't asleep that morning when I so rudely attacked you with the sponge?"

"Not at all—not at all. I was uncommonly wide awake."

"But you snored."

"That snore was the result of careful practice. Practice, and nothing but practice, makes perfect. Keep that in mind, young man—that, and the fact that, as some sensible man has said, 'Opportunity has no back hair'—and you'll succeed. Remember, there's no such thing as luck."





## ABOUT OLD INK-STANDS.

BY TUDOR JENKS.



"TINY ELVES THAT HOLD COURT BEFORE A POMPOUS LITTLE JUDGE WHOSE BENCH IS THE INK-STAND COVER."

IN the old fairy stories magicians are said to have made their customers read the future by looking into little pools of black liquid. We shall try to read a little of the past by looking into a few old ink-stands.

All boys and girls should read Thackeray's poem to his gold pen, wherein he makes the pen say:

"Since he my faithful service did engage  
To follow him through his queer pilgrimage,  
I've drawn and written many a line and page."

But the ink-stand speaks of the pen thus:

"Day after day still dipping in my *trough*,"

and this does not seem quite respectful. We may rather think of an ink-stand as a magic well

out of which, when no human eye is watching, come swarms of tiny elves, that play at school, sitting in rows, or hold court before a pompous little judge whose bench is the ink-stand cover, who argue, quarrel, and joke among themselves, and then, on the coming of a human being, plunge into the invisible depths of the black well, there to remain till the pen's magic can summon them forth to play their part in fairy stories and gay verses.

In ink—ordinary ink, at least—modern science has made no improvement. The ink



AN OLD POTTERY INK-STAND.

of our forefathers was worse than that of their ancestors, and ours is yet worse. The Chinese still produce perfect ink, for their so-called "India ink" has all the virtues an ink should possess. It flows freely, writes black, remains black, and is permanent in all climates.

Ink-stands, however, are merely mechanical, and they have shared with other mechanical devices in the improvements science has introduced. To-day you may buy ink-stands of wonderful ingenuity: they prevent the ink from drying up, they keep it always at the same level, they protect it from dust; they are made to hold various sorts and divers colors; they are combined with all the requisites for the desk, with calendars, watches, memorandum-pads, paper-weights; and they offer receptacles for the small odds and ends that have to do with writing.

Perhaps the greatest invention in "ink-stands"



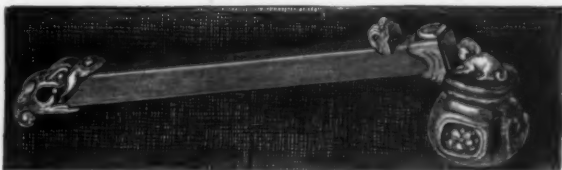
AN OLD-TIME INK-HORN.

is the fountain-pen, for it is nothing but a portable ink-stand combined with the pen. I do not know that even the Chinese claim anything that may be considered a forerunner of this modern triumph of convenience.

The earliest form of ink-stand was undoubtedly a mere paint-pot—a gallipot, or little cup

of pottery glazed so that it would hold liquid; indeed, the word "gallipot" means glazed pot, as the dictionary will tell you. A form of this early vessel is seen in the "Greek royal ink-stand" here pictured. This is of pottery, and is in the primitive shape, except for the improvement made by the addition of a cover to keep out dust. After the cover had been invented, it was not a difficult matter to cut a hole in the top to make a place for the pen—probably a split reed, such as was used by the Egyptian scribes for writing upon their papyrus leaves. There is nothing whereby we can determine the date of this stand, but the simplicity of its design and decoration would

suggest that it belonged to an early period, perhaps about 500 B.C. We may see its direct descendant to-day in the solid glass ink-stands

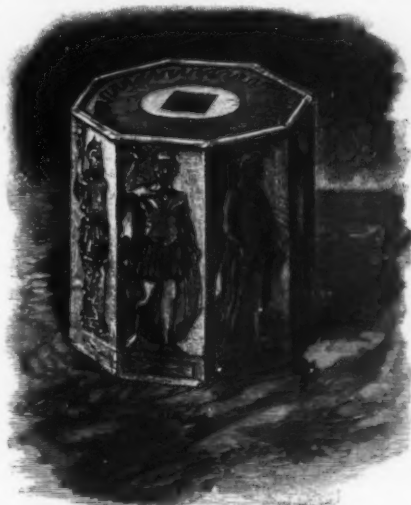


A JAPANESE INK-STAND.

exposing the ink only at one small opening in the top, though these later ink-stands have the advantage that they do not spill ink when overturned.

With this simplest form of ink-holder we must class the ink-horn, and the clay stand that has a ring-handle for carrying. The ink-horns, too, needed either a support, when used on a table, or a cord when carried upon the scribe's person.

A compromise between ink-horn and fountain-pen is found in the Japanese contrivance that holds both brush and ink. In order to be understood, the picture needs a little explanation. The round portion of the apparatus is the ink-holder. Within it is a sponge soaked



A GREEK ROYAL INK-STAND.

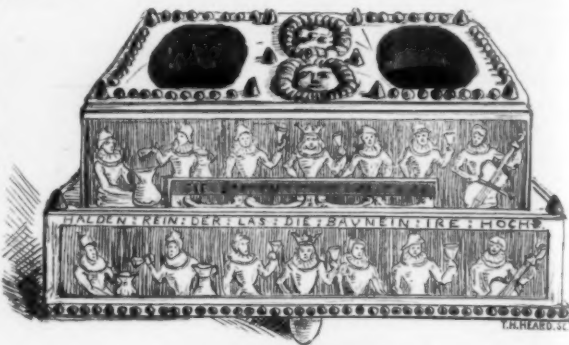
with ink until it will yield ink to the brush on slight pressure. The long square box holds the

"pen," which is a brush, of course. The lid of the ink-stand is hinged at the top of the brush-box, so it swings clear over to the stop or stud, opening both brush-box and inkstand at once.

These most convenient little writing-cases are carried thrust through the girdle, like a dagger. Often they are beautifully decorated by the artistic Japanese and made very valuable by their material.

The use of colored inks is almost as ancient as writing itself, since we find in the oldest manuscripts black, red, green, violet, and yellow inks, usually applied only as ornaments, except the old "stand-bys," black and red; and consequently we are not surprised that ink-stands with two or more wells were known to the most ancient peoples— and probably, therefore, those old writers often

a piece of work, the same design is repeated upon the upper and lower portion.



A DUTCH DELFT INK-STAND.

It will be interesting to compare the ink-stands of some great scholars who lived many years apart in the history of the world. It may be that we shall find a story still left in those ink-wells whence they dipped so many arguments.

Here, to make a beginning, is the stand used by Bernard of Clairvaux, called St. Bernard. We do not need the old quill-pens that project from it to tell us that this belongs to the days of primitive things, and to a man who cared little for the luxuries of life. Except for the broad, saucer-like base, here is the old gallipot that is much the same as the pottery cup of pre-historic times.

And yet St. Bernard was of noble birth, and became so great a power in Europe that he founded seventy monasteries, secured the recognition of a pope against a rival claimant, and aroused all France to the Second Crusade.



A MOORISH STEEL INK-STAND.

knew the irritation that comes of having put the pen into the wrong ink-well.

The two examples here shown bear evidence of the people who made them: the steel stand, exact and finished in workmanship, and decorated only in arabesques, tells us of the Moorish craftsmen, skilled in metal-work, but forbidden to use the likeness of any creature in their designs; and the Delft stand of pottery, with its Gothic banquet scene and its big openings, speaks of the Dutch worker who makes an ink-stand easy to keep clean and convenient for use—with racks for pens and a good solid base to make all stable.

One is puzzled to know why, in so elaborate



ST. BERNARD'S INK-STAND.

As a writer he produced four hundred epistles, three hundred and forty sermons, and twelve theological treatises, as well as hymns that became famous; so his ink-stand was an important article of furniture in his house. This great monk died in 1539, more than seven and a half centuries ago; so we may regard his ink-stand as belonging to the days of the early Norman kings of England, or to the days of the Crusades, before the learning of the East had come to awaken interest in the great scholars of Greece and Rome.



SAVONAROLA'S INK-STAND.

Our next example is of three hundred years later, and shows the influence of the renaissance of knowledge of the classic times. This belonged to a great Florentine — Girolamo Savonarola, also a monk, for he belonged to the order of St. Dominic. This is a Roman writing-case rather than an ink-stand, and would not have been out of place in the library of Virgil or Horace. The picture shows a roll of manuscript, a book, a bit of parchment, and an ink-horn, probably, from which projects a quill-pen. The whole might well stand for a symbol of the learning of the time, in its imitation of the Roman form and its indispensable volume — undoubtedly some classic author. Its date may be remembered as nearly that of the discovery of America, for Savonarola died six years after 1492. Savonarola restored popular government in Florence, but at last was put to death.

But the studies of the Renaissance led to the science of later ages, and we shall now look upon the ink-stand of a professor of mathematics, the great Galileo — who will never be forgotten so long as a pendulum swings. It was Galileo who invented the pendulum, as you know, for all have read of his watching the swinging lamp in the cathedral at Pisa. Galileo's equipment for writing seems to be complete, since he has the

ink-well, a sand-box, a pounce-bowl, and a pen-cleaner, all neatly held upon a metal stand. From 1564 to 1642 the great discoverer and inventor lived, giving to the world, besides the pendulum, the hydrostatic balance, the thermometer, and other fruits of his long study.

Great thinker as he was, the outcome of this ink-stand must have been very different if it had not been for the work of such men as Bernard and Savonarola in the preceding ages. The monk, the reformer, the scholar, each did good work to prepare the way for his successors.

Next comes the statesman. Count Cavour, a native of Turin, died only about forty years ago. The words written by his pen did much to make of Italy a united nation. In our own time the most notable change in the history of the nations has been the uniting of small states into large nations; and so the work of Cavour is a good type of the most progressive step made by nations in the nineteenth century. Cavour's ink-stand, strangely enough, may be fancied to be a symbol of his work. It seems to be an antique Roman lamp, possibly a figure of Silenus, to which have been added modern improvements — a tablet and hook for a watch, and the cup and jar. Thus it is an ancient instrument repaired and restored to fit modern needs — just as the old Roman governments were altered and amended to adapt them to



GALILEO'S INK-STAND.

modern Italy and the conditions of a changed world.

Each of these was a man in whose hand the pen was mightier than the sword, and all

four ink-stands were part of the equipment with which they changed or directed the history of the world. Before their time was the age of

he might practise the art he found so much harder than conquering his neighbors. For Charlemagne never could train his mighty sword-hand to skill with pen, or stylus.

And you, young reader, must not think Bulwer's words,

In the hands of men entirely great  
The pen is mightier than the sword,

are only theatrical mouthing of false sentiment. They are the simple truth — the truth which history confirms. Nations founded by the sword, sustained by the sword, pass and are forgotten. But the written words, the words of "men entirely great," outlast the very civilization amid which they were penned. Who can leave out of account, even to-day, the work of Homer, Virgil, Dante, Shakspeare, Molière, Cervantes, Goethe? Even to-day every thinking man must acknowledge their sway, must live in the kingdoms of thought these men have founded.

Let us, then, put among the relics of the great the tools of their government — and let us hold precious the pens and ink-stands that have outlasted and overcome the swords of conquerors, the scepters of the kings.



CAVOUR'S INK-STAND.

the sword — the age that was coming to an end when Charles the Great (Carolus Magnus, or "Charlemagne") kept his writing-tablets under his pillow in order that at odd moments





## WHAT BEFELL PRINCE SNAPSANDSNAILS.

BY ELSIE SCOTT.



ONCE upon a time, in a country so far away that you never even heard of it, there lived a king called Twankeydillo. Now this king and his queen were very happy and fortunate, and they were even more happy than usual at the time when my story begins, for the fairies had just sent them the most lovely prince in the world—at any rate, that is what his parents thought, and perhaps they were not far wrong. He was a merry, good-tempered little soul.

But the question of his name distressed his fond parents. The king would have had him called Twankeydillo after himself, and the queen, whose name was Strephona, wished to have him named Strephon, because she considered it a much prettier name than Twankeydillo.

One day they were sitting together in the garden, and the prince was lying on a rug on the grass, gazing at the sky with that air which is peculiar to babies—a sort of “the-world-was-made-for-me-to-enjoy” air.

Well, as I was saying, the king and queen were discussing a name for him, when a harsh, croaking voice, which seemed to come from the tree under which they sat, said: “Snaps and snails and puppy-dogs’ tails—that ’s what little boys are made of, and I never yet heard that princes were any exception to the general rule.”

The voice ceased, and as the king glanced hastily around to see who spoke, he beheld the ugliest of dwarfs peeping out of a hole in the tree at some distance from the ground.

“Wait a minute,” said he; “I have something to say to you.”

Then he disappeared, and presently a little door flew open at the foot of the tree, and

out stepped this terrible spectacle. Imagine to yourself a little man about twelve inches high, of a bright yellow color, with pink eyes like a white rat, and not a scrap of hair on his head, which was partly covered by a green cap, and which, together with his costume of green and purple, completed a sight calculated to strike terror into the heart of the boldest king alive.

Queen Strephona gazed at him a moment in horror, and then, seeing that the corners of the prince’s mouth were turning downward and that a wail was just coming, she snatched him up and ran into the palace with him.

“Rather nervous, eh?” grinned the dwarf, watching her hurried exit. “Well, I suppose she had never seen anything as ugly as I am, and probably she never will again. I ’m the ugliest thing on this earth. That ’s something to be proud of, is n’t it?” and the little man slapped his chest and smiled at the king, who stood as if turned to stone. “But now to business. I am the messenger of the Queen of Butterflyland, who has been greatly distressed by the difficulty you seem to have in choosing a name for your son. She has carefully thought over the matter, and has sent me to you now with this offer. If you will call the prince “Snapsandsnails,” she will become his godmother, and, when he attains the age of twenty, will permit him to visit her, and will marry him to the most beautiful princess in the world.

“But—” said the king.

“Wait,” replied the dwarf; “you have not heard all yet. If you do not agree to this proposal, I have orders to take the prince back with me.”

The king turned quite white, and sat down suddenly in his chair. “Horrors!” he ejaculated. “What can I do but accept, though what the queen will say I dare not imagine. ‘Snapsandsnails!’ What a terrible name for a prince, to be sure!”

And the king almost wept as he thought of it.

"My dear sir," said the dwarf, "pray don't distress yourself so much; try to look on the bright side, and think what a beautiful daughter-in-law you will have in about twenty years' time. Cheer up, and go and break it to the queen. I am glad you have been reasonable enough to accept Queen Papillon's offer. Now it only remains for me to give you this portrait and this emerald ring; on his twentieth birthday give him both, but until then do not open the box in which I now place them."

So saying, the little man put the box into the king's hand, made him a polite bow, opened the door in the tree-trunk, and was gone. When, however, he reached the hole from which he had first addressed the king, he put his head out and said: "I forgot to say that you must bring Prince Snapsandsnails up nicely or he won't get the princess. Good-by."

Queen Strepheona was very angry at first when she heard what her precious son was to be called, but on the whole she was rather relieved at the question being settled without any more trouble.

Prince Snapsandsnails grew up to be a very handsome young man, and was a favorite with every one. On the day that he was twenty, his father took him into a room that had always been kept locked, and gave him a little box made of ebony, saying: "In this box, my son, you will find two presents from your godmother which I imagine will change the current of your life completely. Open and see."

The prince opened the box, and taking out the ring placed it on his finger, and then looking at the portrait, he fell so violently in love with it that he almost fainted.

"Father," he exclaimed, "I must start at once to find this lady! My mother has many beautiful ladies in her court, but never before have I seen a face of such exquisite loveliness."

Twankeydillo begged him to wait till the next day; but the prince would not listen. He put on his best suit, kissed his mother, and said good-by to the king and court, who escorted him to the edge of a beautiful lake which lay between Twankeydillo's kingdom and that of the Butterfly Queen.

Here he was just about to get into his own boat, when it was pushed away by another

which he had not noticed till that moment. In the boat sat a little man dressed in bright green and gold, who beckoned to Snapsandsnails to enter, and who then pushed off and rowed up the lake.

Finding that nothing he could say would make the boatman talk, the prince amused himself by watching the scenery as they glided over the water. Far away in the distance there were beautiful snow-clad mountains which were reflected in the clear water of the lake. The country he had left was very lovely, but as they neared the upper part of the lake he thought he had never seen anything so exquisite as the scene now before him. The lake here was quite narrow, and the banks on either side were covered with flowers of every kind and color. Roses, pink, white, red, and yellow, were dipping their scent-laden heads into the water, while above them grew hedges of lilac, laburnum, pink and white cherry blossoms, and other flowering trees.

Presently Snapsandsnails saw before him an island, and on that island a castle, and almost before he knew it the boat had drawn up at the foot of a flight of marble stairs.

The prince sprang out and turned to thank the little green man, but he and his boat had vanished. "Well, that is queer," thought he. "I wonder where he could have gone!"

However, as he was not to be found, our prince mounted the stairs, and finding a little page at the top, he sent him to tell Queen Papillon that he had arrived and awaited her pleasure. The page soon returned saying that her Majesty would see him at once, and he was ushered into her audience-room.

There at the end, on a golden throne, he saw the Butterfly Queen, and a very gorgeous sight she and her court presented. Her maids of honor sat around her, all in robes of palest blue, which the prince noticed later on were made entirely of the feathers of the little blue cliff butterflies. The queen herself was clad in cobweb silk woven with sunbeams, and had a magnificent pair of butterfly's wings of peacock hues on her shoulders.

The guards who stood just inside the door wore armor of green beetles' wings tipped with gold, and carried lances of peacocks' feathers.

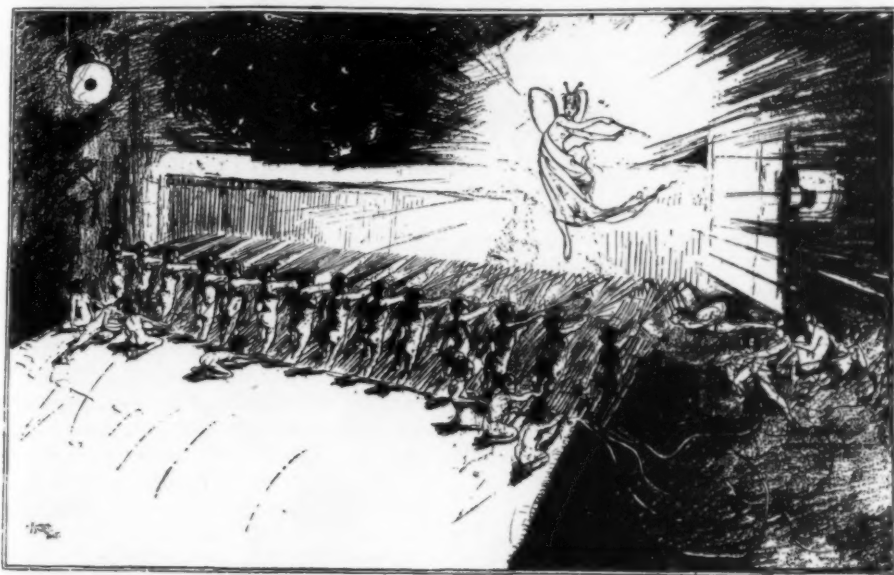
As Snapsandsnails advanced toward the queen, she rose to meet him, and, taking him by the hand, made him sit beside her. "You were in a great hurry to get your princess, my dear godson," she said laughingly; "I did not expect you till to-morrow. Such enthusiasm must be rewarded, and I suppose you are longing to hear where she is and how to get her."

"Indeed I am," replied the prince, earnestly. "Please, dear godmother, tell me, and let me start at once on my journey."

The queen shook her head at him. "I will tell you about the princess to-night," she said,

Queen of Niemandland welcomed a daughter. Your father and mother quarreled over your name — hers did likewise; and messengers were sent to her father and yours at the same time. So far you were treated alike, but now mark the difference.

"Your father did as he was told: hers refused; and, consequently, she fell into the power of an evil fairy, who has hidden her in the Lake of Fire under the Emerald Mountain. There you must seek her. The ring which you wear is a little bit of the mountain; be careful of it, as only by its virtue can you find the mountain



THE ROYAL LOOM.

"but you must not start till to-morrow morning, as the country through which you must pass is enchanted, and, except when the sun shines, I have no power over it. You may start, however, as soon as the sun rises; but remember to be back before it sets if you would keep your princess. Now for her story. Perhaps when you hear it you will not care to go farther, in which case say so and you may return."

"Nothing will ever abate my ardor, madam!" cried Snapsandsnails.

The queen smiled and continued: "On the same day that you were born, the King and

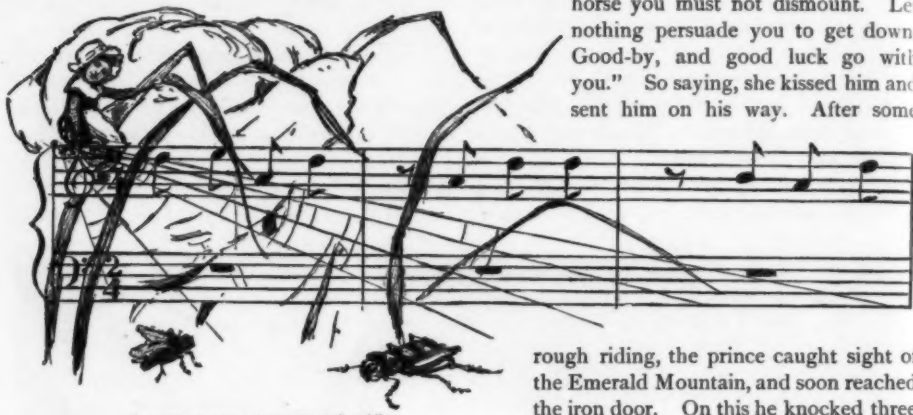
and your princess. To-morrow go to my stable and choose a horse, and saddle it with the golden saddle you will find hanging on the wall. Choose with regard to speed rather than beauty, and then come to me for final instructions."

That night there was great feasting and rejoicing in the castle, and Snapsandsnails saw so many wonderful things that he was obliged to pinch himself several times to make sure that he was really awake and not dreaming. In one corner of the palace was the royal loom, before which a score or more of elfin weavers were pulling and twisting the silken threads, all keep-

ing time to the moving wand of a beautiful little fairy, who shone resplendent in the light of the silver moonbeam thread. And when the prince sauntered out into the garden, he

'Emerald, Emerald,—open, I pray,  
For I come to take Sugaryspice away.'

Then the door will open; and remember this: until you have the princess safely on your horse you must not dismount. Let nothing persuade you to get down. Good-by, and good luck go with you." So saying, she kissed him and sent him on his way. After some



"A LITTLE FAIRY 'SCHOOL-MA'AM,'"

was no less delighted to see a quaintly dressed little fairy "school-ma'am," sitting upon a grass-blade, and from a cobweb music scale teaching young insects how to sing. Farther on, near the lower end of the garden, where a large salt-water pond gleamed in the moonlight, he stopped to observe a jolly little merlad swinging in a hammock that two prickly little sea-horses were holding for him. Indeed, the strangest sights that he had ever beheld delighted his gaze at every turn, and when at last he retired to slumber he half doubted whether he had not been in a dream the whole day long.

He rose the next morning before the sun, and having chosen a gray horse with very long legs, and saddled it, he went to see Queen Papillon.

"You have chosen well," she said, when she saw him. "Now, as the sun has risen, start on your journey. You must go straight to the Emerald Mountain, which you will have no difficulty in finding while you have the ring. There in the side you will see an iron door. Knock three times, and each time say,

rough riding, the prince caught sight of the Emerald Mountain, and soon reached the iron door. On this he knocked three times, saying each time:

"Emerald, Emerald,—open, I pray,  
For I come to take Sugaryspice away."

The door creaked slowly open, and the prince rode in. He went on for some time in the green light which the emerald gave, and then plunged into utter darkness. He felt that he was going downward, and by and by he saw a faint glimmer of light in the distance toward



A HAMMOCK RIDE IN FAIRYLAND.

which he made his way. Presently he found himself in a large cave, the only tenants of which were three little men who seemed to be hard at work, and as they worked they croaked:

"Snaps and snails and puppy-dogs' tails —  
That 's what boys are made of.  
Sugar and spice and all that 's nice —  
That 's what girls are made of.

"And this must be Prince Snapsandsnails,  
Who, unless his courage fails,  
Will ride through seas of fire and ice,  
To rescue Princess Sugaryspice."

"They seem to be singing something about me," thought the prince. "What are you doing, friends?" he asked.

"Wishing you well, your Highness," said one of the dwarfs, doffing his little green cap in salute, and adding, "if, as we think, you are Prince Snapsandsnails, and if you are come to rescue Princess Sugaryspice."

"That is my name, and that my mission," said the prince.

"Then be of good courage; remember and faithfully obey your instructions, and you cannot fail," said one of the little men.

The prince thanked the dwarfs heartily for their kindness, and rode on into the darkness again—and this time truly terrible darkness. Frequently his horse stumbled and nearly threw him; and all around him were voices laughing at him, now raging, and again others weeping. Many times he was told that he had taken the wrong path; many times there were awful chasms and precipices before his horse's feet, which had to plunge through sudden bursts of flame or slide upon moving, slippery stretches of ice; and now and again flashes of light would come, showing him horrible faces and forms closely pressing round him. Boldly, however, he rode on, now and again kissing his precious ring; and after a while, to his great relief, he saw a faint red light glimmering in the distance, and making for it in spite of the threats and warnings shrieked into his ears, he found himself in a cave like that in which he

had seen the little men, only this one was twice as large.

There in the center stood his princess,—he knew it was she,—but all around her rose flames of fire, and his horse, terrified almost to death, refused to go a step farther, and began backing into the passage they had just left, and the voices laughed and jeered and shouted behind him. The princess stretched out her hands to him imploringly, and when he saw the tears in her eyes, he hesitated no longer. Dashing his spurs into the horse, he made it bound forward, and though it started back with a snort next moment, he had snatched up the princess in that short time.

Then, on the instant, the flames went out, leaving them to find their way out of the cave in utter darkness.

"Perhaps the horse can find the way better than we can," suggested Sugaryspice, and so the prince dropped the reins and let the horse pick its way over the rough ground. And, in this way, after what seemed a long and toilsome journey, they at last emerged into the cave of the three little dwarfs.

The dwarfs were greatly pleased to see them return safely, and saluted them with hoarse little cheers as they passed through the cave.

The prince and princess got back to the Butterfly Queen's castle just as the sun set, and she at once sent her messengers to Twankeydillo and the princess's father, and the next day both kings, with their queens and courts, arrived, and Snapsandsnails and Sugaryspice were married amid great rejoicing. Even the dwarfs and fairies left work for the day to come and see the fun, and the royal pair lived happily ever after.





# The Adventures Of A City Bear



"I have a proposition  
Which I think I'll make to you."



"I'm open to suggestions"  
Said the newly painted Sioux



"We'll leave our business cares behind  
And see what we can do"



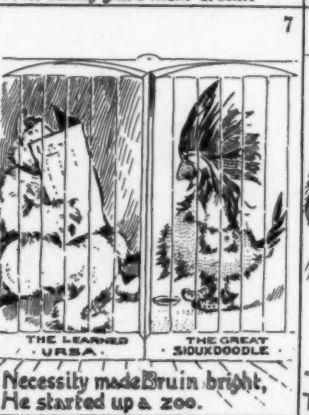
They found a Hoky-Foky man  
Who kindly gave them cream



They tried to catch a ferry-boat  
But landed in the stream



The Indian wrapped the bear up tight  
In blotting-paper blue



Necessity made Bruin bright,  
He started up a zoo.



The Bear then practiced fancy steps  
The Sioux sang soothingly



For a circus troop had found them out  
And off they went with glee.

## THE LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.

BY PALMER COX.

THERE was a great philosopher  
Lived years and years ago;  
And such a merry soul was he  
They called him Laughing Joe.



"THEY DROVE HIM FROM THE TOWN."

For laugh he would throughout the year,  
Let things go wrong or right;  
Let Fortune smile or Fortune frown,  
His heart was ever light.

And little children every day  
 Would gather round his place  
 To listen to his hearty laugh  
 Or see his smiling face.



"NOW CHILDREN SEEKING AFTER JOE  
 WOULD ROUND THE RUINS STRAY."

But gloomy-minded people said  
 They thought it was a shame  
 A man should be disposed to laugh  
 At good and bad the same.

At last they gathered in a crowd  
 And pulled his dwelling down;  
 They hustled him around the streets  
 And drove him from the town,

To find a home beyond the sea  
 Upon a foreign strand,  
 And never dare to set a foot  
 Upon his native land.

But when they chased him from the realm  
 Those people little knew  
 What even one good-natured soul  
 And smiling face can do.

Now children seeking after Joe  
Would round the ruins stray,  
And grieve because the people drove  
Their laughing friend away.

And long before a year went by  
Those bad-behaving men  
Sent messengers across the sea  
To coax him back again.

And out they ran with princely gifts  
To meet him at the shore,  
And begged him there to live and laugh  
In peace forevermore.



## A VISIT TO A COLORADO GLACIER.,

BY F. H. KELLOGG.

IN the northern part of Colorado, a spur range of three peaks extends in an easterly direction from the Front Range of the great Continental Divide. This little spur is called the Mummy Range, from a fancied resemblance to an Egyptian mummy reclining at full length. The highest point, Hague's Peak, forms the head, and a somewhat lower summit two miles to the north and west marks the knees of the prostrate figure; the feet extend to the Front Range, where the third peak, Mount Fairchild, raises its gigantic form.

On the northern slope of the second peak there rests an immense mass of snow and ice, which, in the light of recent investigation and discovery, has greatly increased in interest to the mountain-climber and explorer. The very existence of this snow-field is a comparatively new discovery, and until a few years ago the number of visitors to the spot might easily have been counted upon the fingers of one's hands. That this is so is due partly to its isolated and concealed situation, and also to the distance to be traversed and difficulties to be overcome in making the trip.

This mountain, the Mummy, lies twelve or fifteen miles directly north of Long's Peak, in a portion of the country scarcely ever visited, either by neighboring residents or tourists from abroad. The nearest settlement is Estes Park; and from this point the expedition requires three or four days, for great difficulty is experienced in carrying blankets and provisions necessary for so long a stay over the devious and difficult route which affords the only possible means of access to this range.

Upon the occasion of a visit to Estes Park during the summer of 1890, vague reports of the wonderful object on the Mummy came to the ears of a party of several university students, of whom I was one. We were then camping in Willow Cañon. It extends in among the

mountains, and it then furnished a site for the last human habitation this side of the Continental Divide. As soon as we heard that an actual glacier was within reach, we at once resolved to see it, and active preparations for the trip were immediately begun.

The history of the discovery of this glacier is an interesting one. An old bear-hunter chanced upon the field on Mummy Mount, which he called "the largest snow-field in the Rockies." Before his death, which occurred shortly after, he mentioned this discovery to a gentleman then living in Denver, who devoted much time to the exploration of new mountains and strange localities in and about this neighborhood.

In 1882 this gentleman, a Mr. Hallett, visited the spot entirely alone. In trying to ascend the north side of the ice-field, he suddenly broke through the bridge of a hidden crevasse; but by extending his elbows, he managed to extricate himself from his perilous position and returned in safety to his camp. This incident finally led him to wonder whether this might not be a glacier. In 1886 and 1887, Mr. Hallett, in company with an experienced mountaineer who was as familiar with the Alps as with the Rockies, twice revisited the spot. Upon the first of these expeditions, after a careful examination, the true nature of this vast expanse of snow and ice was, for the first time, positively determined. Here, in the heart of Colorado, existed a true glacier showing crevasses, moraines\* — in short, all the characteristics of the well-known Alpine glaciers of Switzerland. To this was given the name it now bears, "Hallett Glacier," in honor of the man who, in such a startling way, made the first real discovery.

We had no guides and few directions; but we could, from a distance, distinguish at least the Mummy from the surrounding mountains, and we trusted in our ability to find some way,

\* A moraine is an accumulation of sand, broken stones, and rocks along the edge of a glacier.



unhampered as we were by any great amount of luggage.

Just before leaving Estes Park we halted at a ranch for a final adjustment of "Billy-the-Burro's" pack and a general making ready for the climb, now just ahead. On the way we encountered an old mountain stage-driver, grizzled and weather-beaten, who seemed much interested in our party. After carefully inspecting our various equipments, he asked: "Whar mought ye be a-goin'?" One of us replied: "To the Mummy. Ever been there?" "Bin

ing steadily on, we arrived, at about dusk, at the base of a peak which we thought to be our destination, the Mummy. We halted here for the night, and pitched our camp, which process consisted merely in throwing off our packs and starting a fire. A threatening storm induced us to gather a great pile of logs near the fire, in order that a rain might not deprive us of this the one great solace of a night in the open. We had barely finished our supper when the storm broke upon us, cold rain and sleet, for at that elevation, of about ten thousand feet, it



"WE WRAPPED OURSELVES IN RUBBER BLANKETS AND, WITH FEET TO THE FIRE, LAY DOWN TO SLEEP."

thar? Bin thar? W'y, looky here, young chap; I've bin thar when you did n't hev no more sense 'n a tarmidgun [ptarmigan]. But yer better take an ol' man's advice an' stay ter hum; fer ye 'll never git back ag'in — nobody ever has. Take my advice, and let ol' Mummy alone."

We wondered how *he* got out alive, but we refrained from questioning him further.

Undaunted by this terrible warning, we trudged gaily along, and, leaving Estes Park, entered Black Cañon, carefully noting, for possible guidance on our return, peculiarities along the route as we traveled.

Soon we were completely enveloped in the mysterious shades of an immense forest. Push-

ing steadily on, we arrived, at about dusk, at the base of a peak which we thought to be our destination, the Mummy. We halted here for the night, and pitched our camp, which process consisted merely in throwing off our packs and starting a fire. A threatening storm induced us to gather a great pile of logs near the fire, in order that a rain might not deprive us of this the one great solace of a night in the open. We had barely finished our supper when the storm broke upon us, cold rain and sleet, for at that elevation, of about ten thousand feet, it

Early the next morning all was bustle and activity. As we prepared our breakfast of ptarmigan and coffee, eked out with cold supplies, the clouds rapidly disappeared, and the first rays of sunlight tinged the peaks and forests with a delicate pink. Delighted with this favoring weather, we started again on our search for the glacier. We made rapid progress, and in a few hours stood just at the foot of the top-most cap of the huge mountain under whose

shaggy mane of spruce we had encamped for the night.

We rounded the cap, expecting, as we reached the north side, to come upon the glacier. In-

I ran, jumped, and fell in a wild scramble over the irregular piles of rocks, my camera bouncing and bumping on my back and shoulders. After a distance of about a half-mile was thus traversed,

I climbed the dike, and the whole mass was in sight. Before pausing to really admire the grandeur of the scene before me, I adjusted my camera and made five quick exposures. In a few moments the clouds came twisting and curling in at the head of the gorge; then, settling down, the whole view was obscured in a dense sea of mist and fog.

An immense snow-field, about a quarter of a mile in width, extended to the top of the mountain, a



THE HALLETT GLACIER—NEAR VIEW.

stead we saw nothing but great rocks strewn everywhere upon the bald top of the mountain. Ahead for several miles we saw a deep chasm, presenting the only possible location for a snow-field of great size.

This chasm, within whose inclosing walls might be concealed the object of our search, really cut into the mountain lying next to the west; and this, we thought, could not be the Mummy. We were, therefore, undecided as to our course. By this time it was late in the afternoon, so we divided our party into two sections and started off in slightly differing directions; but the day was now too far gone, so we were soon obliged to return to camp without being rewarded in our search.

The next morning we made a long detour around the side of Hague's Peak, avoiding the most difficult climbing, and soon found ourselves within the former pathway of the glacier, an immense chasm strewn with rocks piled on rocks for miles and miles, a most wild and desolate scene. From this point, however, we could see the upper snows of the great mass, and, greatly encouraged, plodded on. After some two hours' scrambling over rocks, we neared an immense rocky ridge or dike extending across the gorge, which we rightly took to be the terminal moraine of the glacier lying above.

thousand feet above. Its whole extent was covered with grooves, markings, and cracks. A little lake, formed by the melting of the snow and ice above, nestled at the foot of the ice-field, its waters imprisoned by the great dike. This lake was partially frozen over, and in the occasional open spaces large blocks of ice were floating round. Moved by the force of the wind, they grounded upon rocks or firmer ice underneath, then were lifted up with a groaning and creaking, varied by sudden splashes, as large fragments broke off and fell into the water. The lower edge of the ice and snow projected over the water, rounded off in beautiful combings and rolls, apparently about to drop off into the lake. Even as we looked, our attention was attracted by a sharp crack, followed for a few seconds by a continuous crackling sound; then, with a loud report, an immense block of ice broke off and fell into the water with a great splash, showing us in miniature the process by which great floating icebergs of the arctic seas are formed.

Our visit was made during the month of August, yet the whole surface of the glacier was covered with snow. Situated far up there, at an elevation of almost fourteen thousand feet, and sheltered from the sun and wind by the high walls of its inclosing amphitheater, only a very

little actual melting occurs — just enough firmly to pack the snow upon the ice, and so prevent its breaking up.

The possible presence of other, smaller crevasses, hidden under a thin bridge of snow, suggested extreme caution in our movements. However, we determined to attempt the ascent of the icy slope to the rocky ridge above. After numerous slips and falls, and narrow escapes from sliding into the lake, but luckily with no serious mishap, we reached the jagged cliff extending above the mass.

Encouraged by our success, we followed the crest of the ridge around the head of the glacier; then a short but steep climb brought us to the topmost cap of the Mummy.

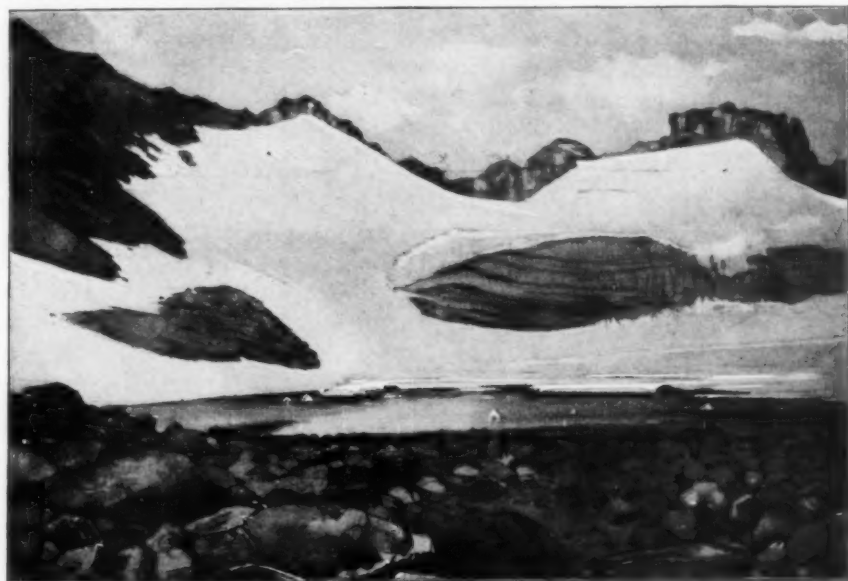
When the top was reached, we were amply repaid for our labor and pains. From this vantage-ground is obtained a view probably unsurpassed in all Colorado; for this peak is about fourteen thousand feet above the sea-level, and stands out on a spur from the Great Divide, thus affording a reach of vision much more extensive than from some of the higher peaks of the divide itself.

In the east appeared the plains of Larimer County, dotted with lakes, sparkling gems in an

emerald setting, a view pleasing and restful to the eyes. Farther toward the south, a dark blotch of smoke marked the location of the smelters in Denver. To the south, Long's Peak presented the only obstruction to our gaze in that direction; while in the west the Park and Medicine Bow ranges of snow-clad mountains showed something of the magnitude and extent of the great Rocky system. To the north stretched away the plains of Wyoming, bounded in the distance by great white mountains. Immediately at our feet we looked down upon the glacier, the sun's rays glistening upon the ridges and blocks of ice and refracted in a dozen different colors.

So extensive and apparently limitless was the view that our eyes finally became weary with gazing, and we determined to return home.

Frequently losing our way, then recovering it, we went on by day and night, until, on the second day, we reached a clearer field; then we pushed along at a rapid pace, and at about 10 P.M. arrived at our cabin in Willow Cañon, cold, wet, tired, and hungry, but full of praises of the grand view from the top of Mummy, and of the only known glacier in the interior of our continent.



MALLETT GLACIER FROM ACROSS THE LAKE.

## SPRING.

---

A LITTLE bit of blowing,  
A little bit of snow,  
A little bit of growing,  
And crocuses will show.

On every twig that 's lonely a new green leaf will spring;  
On every patient tree-top a thrush will stop and sing.

A little bit of sleeting,  
A little bit of rain,  
The blue, blue sky for greeting,  
A snowdrop come again.  
And every frozen hillside its gift of grass will bring,  
And every day of winter another day of spring.  
*Carolyn S. Bailey.*

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CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

"OH, YOU NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY DOG! WHAT SHALL I DO WITH YOU?"

## WOODLAND ECHOES.



MOTHER SQUIRREL: "I WISH YOU WOULD STOP THAT POUNDING DOWN THERE; I AM TRYING TO PUT THE BABY TO SLEEP."

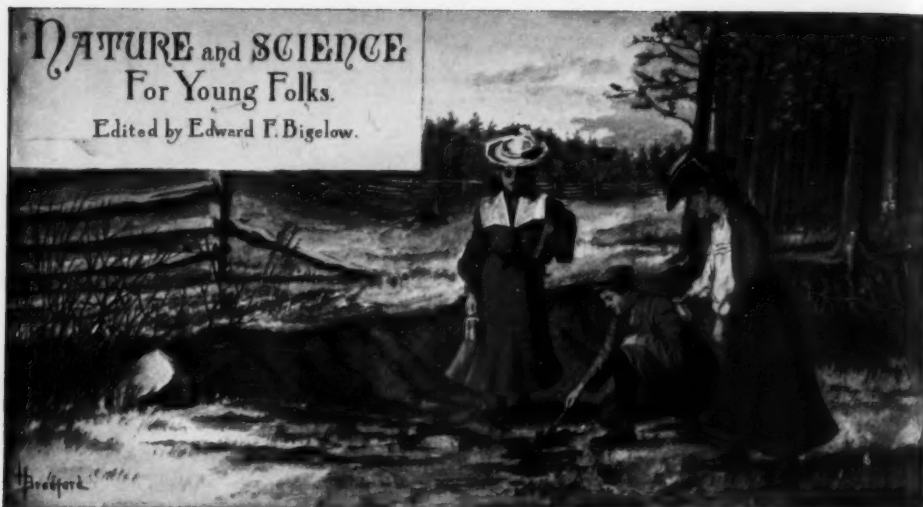


WIDOW HARE: "THANK YOU, MR. WOLF. WHAT A LOVELY CABBAGE! OH, THOSE DREADFUL STORIES THEY TELL OF YOU! AND TO THINK I HAVE BEEN ALL THESE YEARS TRYING TO KEEP YOU FROM THE DOOR!"



# NATURE and SCIENCE For Young Folks.

Edited by Edward F. Bigelow.



COLLECTING THE ROOT-FOOTED ANIMALS (RHIZOPODS) FROM A SMALL POOL.

April, dressed in all his trim,  
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything.  
SHAKESPEARE.

April is the initiative month; it opens the door of the seasons.  
JOHN BURROUGHS.

## THE ROOT-FOOTED ANIMALS.

MANY microscopic animals you can find—if you know where to look, and have some grown-up scientific friend to help you catch them—in small pools, ditches, and various damp places.

But, because you can find microscopic animals even in large numbers in some stagnant water, you must not believe that "all water is full of little animals," as we sometimes hear very incorrectly stated by people who do not know. The scientific man takes a drop of water in which some plants have decayed, and shows, by the aid of a powerful microscope, many interesting swimming and wriggling forms. He sometimes omits to ex-



One of the many forms assumed by an amoeba with its leg-like extensions. In this the appearance is decidedly root-like. The little animal can take small particles of food into any part of itself.

plain that this is not ordinary drinking water; hence a wrong idea of microscopic life in water is often held by those who have not studied nature's wonderful homes.

Among the most wonderful of these tiny animals in water is the amoeba, that looks when at rest like a tiny fleck of jelly. When the amoeba starts to walk it can thrust out leg-like extensions from various portions of this jelly mass, and use those that point in the direction it wishes to go.

These extensions of the little amoeba and of other members of the family have somewhat the appearance of the tiny roots of plants; hence the little animals are called "root-footed."

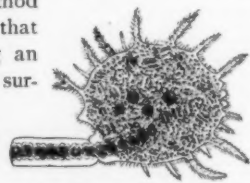
The little amoeba can eat a plant much larger than itself, in a method somewhat similar to that of a starfish eating an oyster—by merely surrounding it.

Scientists claim that the amoeba never dies—except, of course, when destroyed by accident



THE COMMON AMOEBA.

Eating a shred of water-weed by surrounding it. The leg-like projections (pseudopodia, or "false legs") can be extended from any part of the body.



AN AMOEBA SWALLOWING A DESMID.

The desmid, a microscopic plant, is the stick-like extension at the lower left.



A RHIZOPOD (*GLOBULARINA* ELSDANI) THAT LIVES IN A MICROSCOPIC GLOBE OF LATTICE-LIKE GLASSY MATERIAL.

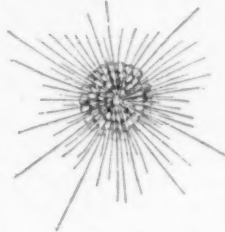
or eaten by some larger animal. When the amoeba becomes above the ordinary size it extends itself out, somewhat in the shape of a dumb-bell. A little later the two globe-like ends are entirely separated, when each portion swims away as a complete little animal.

But the amoeba is only one of a large number of these strange "root-footed" animals.

Many of these

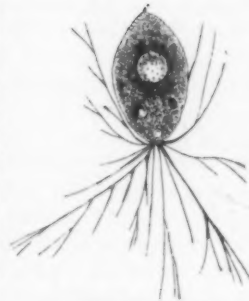
others live in the ocean, while still others live in fresh water, or even in damp places on land. In fact, they occur almost anywhere that is not too dry and the water is clean. We can find them on the bark of trees, on the dripping rocks near waterfalls, in the ooze at the bottom of ponds and ditches, in the slime on submerged objects, on the under side of floating leaves, and in the water which we squeeze out of bog-moss. And many live in shells which, like the shell of clams and snails, are formed from the creature's own body, or are built up of sand grains and the hard parts of other minute animals and plants. Some of these little fellows are green, some are red or brown, some are nearly black, and some almost as

clear as glass. They are often shaped like an egg, or a helmet, or an Indian pot, and have a single opening at the bottom of the shell. Through this opening the animal thrusts out its legs, and with them crawls along and seizes its food.



THE SUN-ANIMALCULE.

These rays are extended nearly all the time.



AN INTERESTING FORM.

Pictured by Dr. Leidy, and called *Panphagus mutabilis*.

Instead of blunt, irregular "make-believe" feet, some have straight, slender rays two or three times as long as the body. One of these is the sun-animalcule, common among floating plants in standing water. It is so named



STUDYING THE ROOT-FOOTED ANIMALS.

A drop of water is taken from that in the pail by the aid of a slender glass tube. This drop is placed on a glass slip and then examined under the microscope.

because, with the round body and projecting rays, it looks for all the world like the picture of the sun in old prints. When some smaller creature touches one of these rays it seems to become paralyzed, and is drawn down the surface of the body to where a sort of lump rises up and swallows it. If the prey is too big for one ray to manage, half a dozen will surround it, becoming more or less fused together, while the lump which rises up to engulf the morsel is half as large as the animalcule itself.

The sun-animalcule floats, and moves onward in a mysterious and unknown way, while some others, not very different in appearance, do not move about except when they are very young, but stand on long stalks and have a sort of lattice-work shell, the rays streaming out through the holes. As many as forty individuals of still another kind will tie themselves together by long bands, so that, being bright green, they look much more like some minute water-plant than like a colony of animals.

These are only a few of some hundreds of different kinds, many of which are likely to turn up unexpectedly almost anywhere. Indeed, one of the charms of studying these rhizopods (which is simply Greek for root-footers) is that one never can tell what queer thing he will find next.

EDWIN TENNEY BREWSTER.

#### A CRAZY FLICKER.

MR. BURROUGHS somewhere has said that if the flicker ever goes crazy he will go crazy boring holes. Now I never doubt anything Mr. Burroughs says about birds and beasts,



THE FLICKER LEAVING THE FOREST TO GO TO THE VILLAGE.



THE FLICKER CUTTING A HOLE INTO THE RAIN-PIPE.

and so, for a good many years, I have confidently expected that if ever I found a crazy flicker I should find him, as Mr. Burroughs predicted, boring holes.

Of course I never expected to find a real crazy flicker, though I have long been convinced that the whole flicker family is queer and, indeed, somewhat crack-brained.

But I have found one—a real crazy, insane flicker; and he was boring holes—boring holes in tin rain-pipes: for he seemed to have been possessed.

He appeared last spring in Newton, a beautiful suburb of Boston. It was in the spring-time, and Highhole (Highhole is one of his six common New England names), inheriting a delicately balanced mind, was drilling into the rain-pipe. Doubtless he thought he was preparing a place for a bride. Now the average young flicker bride is about as "spoony" and as ready for "love in a cottage" as any bride; but I have yet to see one who would go to the length of a rain-pipe.

No; the young flicker was mad, insane. He arrived in April, and announced himself by beating a thunderous tattoo on a galvanized-iron chimney. The persons in the rooms below jumped as if the roof were falling. The passers-by on the street stopped and gazed around in wonder. There was nothing to be seen. Again the rattling, ringing roll, and up out of the chimney popped Highhole, in an ecstasy over his new drum.

Then across the way on the top of another house he spied another, bigger drum, and flew over there. It was a big ventilator. He struck it. To his apparent delight it boomed; and catching his toes around an iron hoop that encircled it, he beat out a roll that a drummer-boy might have envied.



A FLICKER BORING A HOLE INTO A TELEGRAPH-POLE.  
One can expect almost anything of a flicker.

The mystery is that his bill did not fly into splinters. But it did n't. The sound, however, seemed to go to his head, and he got crazier and crazier over galvanized iron until he discovered the rain-pipe.

Up to this time the neighbors had looked upon him as a youthful and devoted lover, who could not express half of his feeling upon an ordinary rotten stub, and so had taken to the sounding hollow chimneys. They had been amused. But suddenly all that changed. They woke up to the fact that the bird was a raving maniac: for what did they see, one morning, but the flicker, high up under the corner of a roof, clutching a small iron bracket in the side of the house and diligently trying to drill a hole through the hard metal rain-pipe.

He was hammering like a tinsmith, and already had cut an opening half as big as one's fist when discovered. He had not tried to drill before; he had been happy with the mere sound.

But something either in the size or shape or ring of the pipe suggested "nest" to his wild wits, and right through the pipe he had gone.

He was scared off finally, but not until he had let himself in and had had a look down through the strange bottomless pit that he had opened.

DALLAS LORE SHARP.

### A FROLICSOME MOUSE.

MANY of the young people who have stayed at an old farm-house have been awakened at night by a squeak and a scurry of small feet over the attic floor.

Now the young folks' bedtime brings play-hours for the mice, and if we steal softly up the steep garret stairs, where the sweet-smelling herbs are hanging from the rafters, we may catch the mice at play.

One night when I was standing perfectly still in the wood-shed with a lantern, something rustled like a leaf over the floor, and I soon discovered a half-grown mouse chasing its tail in regular kitten fashion. He whirled round and round like a top, then scampered across the floor and repeated the performance until he was fairly out of breath. At first I thought fright caused this strange little frolic; but in a moment I changed my mind, for the fearless little fellow sat up and washed his face while he looked me over. In a twinkling he had started off in another mad little whirl.

Mice evidently roll and tumble together in kitten style over the attic floor when we are fast asleep in our beds.

W. C. KNOWLES.



"A HALF-GROWN MOUSE CHASING ITS TAIL IN REGULAR KITTEN FASHION."

? "BECAUSE WE  
WANT TO KNOW"  
????????????

St. Nicholas  
Union Square,  
New York

#### WINTER GRASSHOPPERS.

COTTAGE CITY, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: As I was walking in the fields to-day (March 2) I saw several grasshoppers. They were about an inch long and of a dark gray color above and of a light gray below. I am sending by this mail four specimens of the grasshoppers. Is it not early in the season to see grasshoppers? I enjoy the Nature and Science department very much.

Your constant reader,  
NANETTE NORRIS  
(age 9).



FOUR YOUNG WINTER GRASSHOPPERS.

Most species of grasshoppers pass the winter in the egg stage. The eggs are deposited in the ground in autumn, and begin to hatch about the middle of April. But not all grasshoppers pass the winter in the egg stage. A few species hatch early in the autumn, and the young in various sizes can, in certain localities, be seen jumping vigorously about even on any warm sunny day in midwinter. It is these young winter grasshoppers and not the spring-hatched grasshoppers that you found.

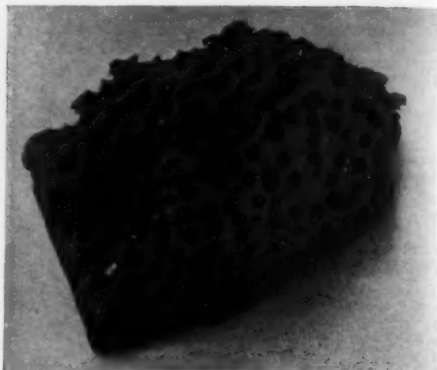
#### PERFORATED WOOD.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We inclose a piece of "honeycombed" wood that we found in the garret. Will you tell us what made the holes in it? I hope you will publish a picture of the wood if you think it interesting enough.

Your interested readers,  
MARGARET and ALLAN RICHARDSON.

These holes were cut out smooth and round by the sharp jaws of some of the many species of wood-eating insects.



A PIECE OF PERFORATED WOOD.

Nature and Science has received many specimens of wood-cutting by insects. Sometimes, as is probably the case in this specimen, the holes are cut by the full-grown insects for homes, just as some animals burrow in the ground. Many insects cut holes in wood only for a hatching-place for the eggs.

#### A ROCK RESEMBLING A SHEEP'S HEAD.

WATERFORD, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send a photograph of a rock that we think shows a striking resemblance to a sheep's head.

The rock is on the west bank of the Hudson about one mile above Waterford and a little more than one hundred and fifty miles from New York. The river here is very beautiful, but too shallow for steamboats. I often go rowing on it in a skiff.

Yours very truly,  
EMILY P. BURTON.



A "SHEEP'S-HEAD" ROCK.

The lower part of the rock, especially, resembles the nose and mouth of a sheep.



## SPIDERS.

[The editor of Nature and Science gratefully acknowledges assistance from Professor J. H. Emerton, Boston, Mass., in the answers and comments to these letters regarding spiders.]

SPIDERS are not insects, although many young folks (and older people, too) often make the mistake of regarding them as insects. If spiders were as large as crabs they would be mistaken for crabs, for they more closely resemble crabs than they do insects, except in size.

Spiders have eight legs, while insects have six. Spiders do not always use the whole eight legs for walking. When they are groping about in a strange place or when they feel angry or proud, they lift up the front pair and walk perfectly well with the other six. In climbing about their webs they get along with only three or four legs and use the others to guide a new thread they are spinning or to carry something. But they always have the eight legs unless some have been lost by accident. Another difference between spiders and insects is in the eyes. Insects usually have two large compound eyes, one on each side of the head, but spiders usually have eight single, small eyes in a bunch on the front of the head, sometimes in two rows and sometimes in pairs on different parts of the head.

## A SPIDER THAT LIVES IN A HOLE IN THE GROUND.

THE BOULDERS, WATCH HILL, R. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you a specimen of a spider that I found. A friend saw a hole in the ground that was too big for an umbrella hole, and not big enough for a snake's, so I got the hatchet and dug it up. I put my finger in it, but I drew it out quickly enough when this spider made his appearance. I put a glass over him and a saucer under him, and took him to the drug-store and had him chloroformed. Please tell me his name, what family he belongs to, if he is poisonous, and something about his habits. HELEN GREENE.

The specimen you send is the *Lycosa*—a spider that digs a deep hole in the ground. The young are frequently carried on the mother's back.

## A ROUND-WEB SPIDER.

GERMANTOWN, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like you very much indeed, and so does my brother. In the summer-time I catch a great many spiders and put them in a glass case. Some of them get very large; I have had some over an inch long. It is very interesting to watch them. They

eat other spiders, and do not seem to think anything of it. There is a spider around here that has a spring net. When anything gets on the web it lets go of a thread of silk and the net springs forward and catches the insect. I have often put little ants on the web and I have seen the web spring. My brother and I collect butterflies and other insects and we have quite a number. There is a very small spider only about an eighth of an inch long, and it makes a round web. Can you tell me what it is?—"because I want to know." It is greenish and has a web about three inches in diameter.

Yours truly,

MAYBURY SMITH.



THE GARDEN-SPIDER AND ITS COCOON.

On page 559 is an illustration of a little spider with its round web. Of course all spiders begin little, and those that in August make webs half a yard across may in the spring make circular webs no bigger than a watch-face.

That picture shows a common round-web spider about half grown as it lives in the early part of June among the dead tops of last year's grasses. In the most exposed and unsteady places on the ends of the grasses it makes a nest much too large for itself and hides there during the

second nest sketched in the letter from this young correspondent and shown on this page is plainly that of one of the best known of our round-web spiders, *Argiope riparia*, which is nearly an inch long, brightly marked with black and yellow. In the early part of summer nobody notices it. It is then small, and marked with yellow and gray, like the lower part of the grass; it lives near the ground and drops out of its web at the least sign of danger. In July it grows up rapidly, and about the first of August, when people begin to look in the pastures for berries, it reaches its full size, and makes webs a foot or more in diameter, with a zigzag white band across the middle, usually among the weeds near a ditch, where it drains away the plants so as to make an oval clearing in which the web can have room to hang without touching anything. In Sep-

A ROUND WEB OF THE GARDEN-SPIDER, WITH A ZIGZAG WHITE BAND ACROSS IT.

tember it lays its eggs, several hundred of them, and makes around the eggs a cocoon an inch in diameter, with a neck like a water-bottle, as shown in the sketch. The outside is stiff and brown like brown paper and the cocoon is fastened to the lower branches of berry-bushes or among stout grass near the ground, where it is out of sight and not likely to be disturbed through the winter. The young hatch in the cocoon, and when warm weather comes in May they find their way out of the cocoon, and, after keeping together a short time, and no doubt occasionally eating one another, scatter through the grass and begin to make webs each for itself.

day. In the evening it makes the round web as near the nest as convenient, and gets its living from the mosquitos and such little insects as happen to fly into it. It usually has a strong thread from the nest to the center of the round web, and toward morning goes back to the nest, and while hidden there can tell by feeling the thread if any more insects get caught in the web. The round web is usually so much injured by use or by the wind that a new one has to be made every evening.

As the spiders grow larger they find steadier places, and make larger webs and smaller nests, and sometimes even no nest at all. The

## A SPIDER IN AN ELECTRIC GLOBE.

FRONTENAC, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In our rooms at the hotel "New Frontenac," Thousand Islands, New York, I saw a little spider on the electric globe. My maid touched it and it fell to the floor. Then by bouncing it on the palm of your hand it would curl up. I turned on the light, and there was the most beautiful web I think I ever saw. I would like to know how the spider can fasten his delicate thread on a slippery globe. Then, how can it work up and down so fast on its thread?

I remain your interested reader,

FRANCIS MAULE.

The walking of spiders on smooth and up-right surfaces is not easy to explain. Probably surfaces that seem smooth and clean to us are rough and dirty enough for such little animals as spiders to take hold with their feet and walk up as we go up a steep hillside, taking hold of stones and stems with our hands and feet. The feet of spiders have each two little claws, and those that climb best have very fine teeth on the claws, while the rest of the foot is covered with flattened hairs. A spider shut up in a clean bottle keeps trying to get to the top. It falls back again and again, but keeps trying, and sooner or later succeeds. It helps itself by spinning a thread, as it goes, from the hind part of the body, and attaching this to the glass, so that where it has been once it has a thread by which to hold on when it goes to the same place again. The thread as it comes from the body is soft and sticky and can be attached anywhere.

## THE CLICKING OF A SPIDER.

BROOKLINE, MASS.

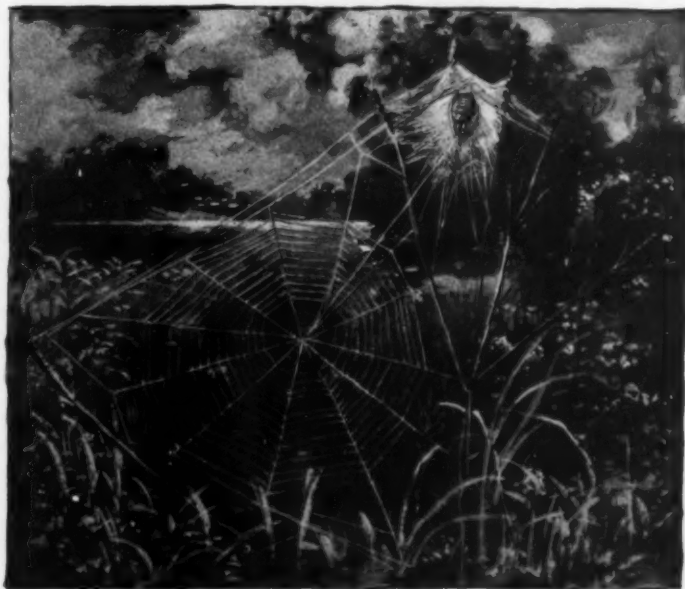
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In the early spring, when I was out on a little excursion, I happened to be standing perfectly still in some woods, waiting to catch a *Vanessa antiopa*. While thus standing I heard a series of clicks or rustles, and on looking down saw a spider was making the noise. I watched it closely, and saw it

apparently feel about a leaf with its body, by raising it up and down. Then it would cause the click to be heard; but while it was actually in the act I could not detect the slightest movement anywhere. The noise sounded as if one gently scraped the rough edge of a leaf with a knife, repeating the action twice—a grating sound twice repeated. The spider would do this on one leaf, and then hurry off to another and renew the action. I heard the same sound in another direction, and found it was another spider of the same kind. The spiders were the usual gray ones seen in the woods, about an inch and three eighths across the legs. Can you tell me whether there is any meaning in it? Has it been observed before? Yours truly,

FRED H. LAHEE.

Professor Emerton was so much interested in this letter that he at once went to the home of Master Lahee and assisted him in his observations. The professor writes:

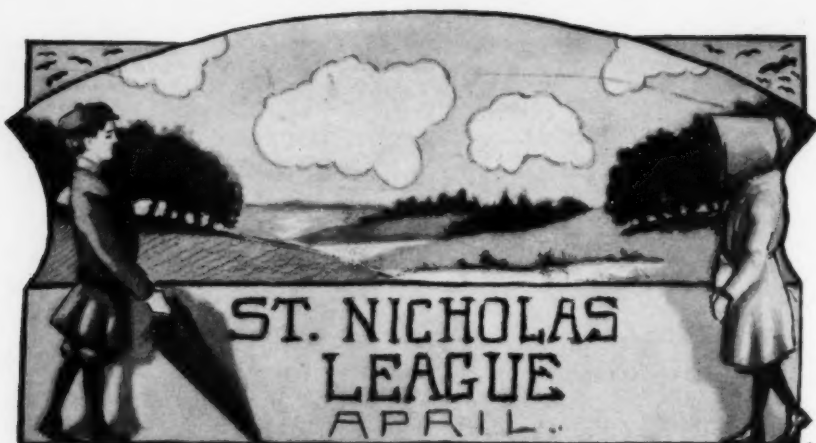
There have been several published accounts of such noises from spiders, and this one is worth recording. I have never heard spiders make any noise except the sound of their feet on the web when it was stretched



A SPIDER'S ROUND WEB.

Showing the "nest" at the upper right.

tight. I questioned Master Lahee, and he seems very positive that the sounds came from the spiders, which were probably *Lycosas* of one or two or three species that mature early in the spring. I hope he and I will have an opportunity to look after them this season.



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY F. MILES GREENLEAF, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE.)

### YOUTHFUL DAYS.

BY ALLEINE LANGFORD (AGE 15).

(Gold Badge.)

THERE 's a play-house by the hemlock,  
Where the woods are dark and still;  
There 's a shanty by the "deep hole,"  
And a fortress on the hill.

There 's a bonfire in the woodland,  
And the branches overhead,  
Crackling as the flames rise higher,  
Start the rabbit from his bed.

And the war-whoop from the valley,  
Where the underbrush is deep,  
Tells that spring has filled the forest  
And the world is not asleep.

There is laughter from the meadow,  
From the thicket dark and dense;  
There are sounds of childish laughter  
From the wigwam by the fence.

Oh, the whole wide world is laughing,  
In the balmy springtime haze,  
To the hearts that know not sorrow  
In the happy childhood days!

THERE were thirty contributions received this month that could not be considered because the ages of the senders were not given. Of course, this is not a great number, but when among the lot there were some very good poems, stories, and drawings, the editor feels sorry for the senders, who do not even have a chance to compete or to get on the roll of honor. You see, all contributions are judged according to the ages of the members, and what might be a very excellent poem or story or drawing for a member of ten would be rather poor for one of fifteen. Hence there is no possible way for us to judge how good a contribution is unless we know how old a boy or girl sent it. There are only a few rules, but they are very important, and most of them will be just as im-



"SHADOWS." BY CHARLES E. JACKSON, AGE 15. (CASH PRIZE.)

portant by and by when the young artists and writers have become grown-up artists and writers, doing work for "grown-up" papers and magazines.

And this reminds us that we should like to have a list of all those who have graduated from the League into the ranks of paid workers. We know of a dozen or more—some of them illustrating for papers, magazines, advertising firms, etc., some of them writing stories, poems, articles, and what not.

The editor would like to publish a full list of these ex-members, and to keep track of their work. Of course, our "classes" have been organized only four years, and even those who were seventeen when we began could be only twenty-one now, so that the percentage of paid workers could not be very

large. But every year will add to their ranks, and we who have watched their growth from month to month and from year to year do not like to lose sight of those who have persevered so faithfully and are becoming a part of the world's progress.

#### PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION NO. 52.

IN making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

**Verse.** Gold badges, **Alleine Langford** (age 15), 7 E. 3d St., Jamestown, N. Y., and **Charles Irish Preston** (age 11), 1322 Fulton Ave., Davenport, Ia.

Silver badges, **Ruth Peirce Getchell** (age 16), 8 Linden St., Worcester, Mass., and **Louisa F. Spear** (age 14), 6 Williams St., Newark, N. Y.

**Prose.** Gold badge, **Dorothy Elizabeth True** (age 13), Honolulu, Hawaii. Silver badges, **Fannie Crawford Golding** (age 15), Dunbar, Miss., and **Marcia Edgerton** (age 10), Negaunee, Mich.

**Drawing.** Gold badges, **F. Miles Greenleaf** (age 17), 132 N. 38th Ave., Omaha, Neb., and **Harold Breul** (age 14), 235 Benefit St., Providence, R. I.

Silver badges, **Laura Gardin** (age 14), care of A. L. Beyea, Harrison, N. Y., **Frances Raymond** (age 13), 1444 State St., New Orleans, La., and **Margorie Newcomb Wilson** (age 11), 34 Gramercy Park, New York City.

**Photography.** Cash prize, **Charles E. Jackson** (age 15), 5426 Pennsylvania Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.

Gold badge, **John W. Gatch** (age 11), Terrace Park, Hamilton Co., Ohio.

Silver badge, **John S. Perry** (age 16), 2110 19th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

**Wild Animal and Bird Photography.** First prize, "Squirrels," by **Horace J. Simons** (age 14), 1824 E. Broad St., Columbus, Ohio. Second prize, "Seagulls," by **John C. Williams** (age 17), 6609 Stewart Ave., Chicago, Ill. Third prize, "Tree-swallow," by **Samuel D. Robbins** (age 16), Box 64, Belmont, Mass.

**Puzzle-making.** Gold badges, **Dorothea M. Dexter** (age 15), 178 Prospect St., New Haven, Conn., and **Howard Hosmer** (age 12), Nashville, Ill.

Silver Badges, **Frank Dolin** (age 16), 4313 Morgan St., St. Louis, Mo., and **John V. S. Bloodgood** (age 14), 56 W. 37th St., New York City.

**Puzzle-answers.** Gold badges, **Marion Thomas**

(age 14), 305 Main St., Burlington, Vt., and **Emerson G. Sutcliffe** (age 12), 47 Allerton St., Plymouth, Mass.

Silver badges, **Florence R. Elwell** (age 15), Amherst, Mass., and **Katharine C. Bowley** (age 12), 27 Enos Place, Jersey City, N. J.

#### THE CAVE OF SAFETY.

BY DOROTHY ELIZABETH TRUE (AGE 13).

(Gold Badge.)

MANY years ago, in a sunny land, there lived a powerful king whose name was Kamehameha.

Now the place where this king lived was called Oahu, and there was a war brewing between his island and another called Hawaii.

At last it was decided, and great preparations were made for the coming battle.

The first thing was to place the queen in safety while the war was raging.

The king, with a party of chiefs and attendants, searched for two whole days, till at last they came to a beautiful valley full of palms and taro plants. It was surrounded by high mountains, all but the lower end, which ran down to the sea. As they walked up this valley they saw an opening in the side of the mountains. To their great joy they found it to be an immense cave. It was lined with gray lava, and from this were hanging green ferns. At the door were banana-trees and tree-ferns, and hanging over the door of the cave were vines. Near by was a beautiful grove of fruit-trees and an avenue of palms.

The king was very much pleased with this place of safety for the queen.

They hurried back, and the next day returned with goods to furnish it with. There were exquisite tapa-cloths that were hung on the walls, and large fans, and on the floors were put banana-leaves and then mats woven out of rushes and bamboo. The throne-room was hung with tapa-cloths, and in different places capes made of feathers. The throne was a mat so finely woven that it was almost like cloth. At the sides were *kahilis*, also made of feathers, that were waved to and fro. And so they fixed a place of safety for the queen, and there she stayed while the war was raging. It was a fearful war, but victory came to King Kamehameha, for he drove his enemies over a cliff which was called the Pali, and that ended it all.



"SHADOWS." BY JOHN W. GATCH, AGE 11. (GOLD BADGE.)



As soon as this war was over the queen returned to her palace, but never was the cave of safety forgotten.

On each side of the path that led to the cave and planted by the queen herself, was a cocoanut-tree. And to this day one may see four of those trees still remaining.

## YOUTH.

BY CHARLES IRISH PRESTON (AGE 11).

(Gold Badge.)

We proudly speak of modern times,  
And of inventions great;  
We call ourselves so civilized,  
And of our comforts prate.

Yet people of some future day,  
When looking back on us,  
May wonder how we got along  
And never made a fuss.

They'll say: "There lived some people once  
Who never left their world—  
Who never even went to Mars,  
Or knew why planets whirled.

"Such savages were this queer race,  
They did n't even know  
What filled the space beyond the air.  
Their vehicles were slow;

"They could not even reach the speed,  
One hundred miles an hour;  
We do it in a minute now,  
And use but little power."

So, though the earth is very old,  
You certainly can see  
It still is in its youth, compared  
With all the years to be.



"SHADOWS." BY JOHN S. FERRY, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)

## THE OPTIMISTIC YOUTH.

BY LOUISA F. SPEAR (AGE 14).

(Silver Badge.)

THE day dawned slowly in the east,  
The air was warm and dry;  
The bumblebee buzzed drowsily,  
And lazy was the fly.

Down to the brooklet Tommy ran  
With little rod and line.  
Said he, "I'll surely have some fish  
Before 't is time to dine."

He fished and fished till nearly noon;  
The sun shone warm and bright;  
But, sure 's you live, he did n't get  
One solitary bite.

Was he discouraged? Not a bit.  
He only fished away,



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY FLOYD L. MITCHELL, AGE 13. (A FORMER PRIZE-WINNER.)

And said, "Of course I'll catch a few Before the close of day."

As he was going to his home  
He met his brother Jim,  
And when he saw his empty hands  
His brother said to him:

"Well, Tommy, did you catch your fish?"  
The blunt reply was,  
"No;  
I did n't get a single one.  
I've been a-fishing, though!"

### HOW THE CHILDREN MADE A CAVE.

BY FANNIE CRAWFORD GOLDING (AGE 15).

(Silver Badge.)

THE children lived in the country, and near their home was a woody hillside on which they loved to play. At the foot of this hill ran a deep ditch, though the stream which flowed at the bottom was very shallow.

At one place the bank had crumbled away and left a semi-circular gap, and 't was here the children made their cave.

First, the boys cut pine poles in the wood and laid them over the top, close together. Then the girls brought pine straw and thatched the roof. They left a hole at the back for a chimney, and made a sort of fireplace of stones, in which the dearest little fires you ever saw were kindled. The children also made a little bridge to go from the door of the cave to the other side of the ditch. They dug steps in the bank to come down to the bridge.

The boys made seats inside, and drove pegs in the wall on which to hang their bows, arrows, and other weapons. They also manufactured marvelous peace-pipes, and wore feathers in their caps. The girls roasted potatoes in the fire, and made a little garden, in which they planted onions, potatoes, and squash, and corn.

The squash never came up, the corn died in its infancy, and the potato-vines ran a good deal but had no potatoes under them. As for the onions, though they grew very well they were never cooked, for when the hun-



"SQUIRRELS." BY HORACE J. SIMONS, AGE 14. (FIRST PRIZE, "WILD-ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPH.")



"SEA-GULLS." BY JOHN C. WILLIAMS, AGE 17. (SECOND PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")



"TREE-SWALLOW." BY SAMUEL D. ROBBINS, AGE 16. (THIRD PRIZE, "WILD-BIRD PHOTOGRAPH.")

gry warriors and hunters came home after fierce battles with imaginary palefaces they devoured everything in sight; and as the onions were very nice, they had soon, like the Walrus and the Carpenter, "eaten every one."

All through the summer the children played in the cave; but with autumn came school, and so the Indian plays had to end, as all things do.

'T was years ago that they made the cave, but one of the children has never forgotten it. I

know, for I was one of them myself.

### THE CAVE AT THE CAROLINE.

BY MARCIA EDGERTON (AGE 10).

(Silver Badge.)

KENNETH lives in the mining region of northern Michigan, and when the miners go by his home he watches them with the greatest interest. Often his papa takes him to one of the mines for a walk, and Kenneth looks down the shaft and watches the skip disappear with its burden of men into the darkness.

One day, when he came home, he went to the barn for a shovel, and soon he was digging busily in the back yard. For "If the miners can make the sand fly, why can't I?" said he.

Kenneth was a very persistent miner, and he and his little friends soon had a big hole in the ground, which they named the Caroline Mine.

One day Kenneth came running to the house, tugging something he had dug from the mine, and shouting:

"Oh, mama, I've struck ore!" But it proved to be only a piece of an old bolt, so the company did n't get rich very fast.

At last the hole was so large that the boys thought they must have a bucket to raise the sand from the mine, and a bushel-basket answered very well for that. But now the trouble began. The boys became so enthusiastic that they made several tunnels in the walls of the mine.

One morning Kenneth went out as usual, and found that the surface over the tunnels had



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY MARGARET MCKEON, AGE 14.  
(A FORMER PRIZE-WINNER.)

caved in, burying Lord Fauntleroy, Kenneth's doll, in the ruins.

All efforts of the boys to rescue the doll were in vain, and the fall of earth was so great that the mine was abandoned.

One of Kenneth's friends has a midget press, and publishes a little newspaper; and in the next number there were the following head-lines: "Cave at the Caroline! One Life Lost!" And as there was a rain-storm about that time, Harold added, "The Mine Rapidly Filling with Water!"

#### IN GRANDMA'S YOUTH.

BY DOROTHEA BECHTEL (AGE 10).

IN winter, in the days of yore,  
When the cold wind howled at the  
door,  
And the needles went click, click,  
click,  
While the clock kept time, tick, tick,  
tick,  
In grandma's youth,

The children sat with folded hands,  
And never thought to make demands,  
But spoke when they were spoken  
to,  
And did as they were told to do,  
In grandma's youth.

They all went to the meeting-house,  
And sat as still as any mouse;  
And, like the little busy bee,  
They studied hard as hard could be,  
In grandma's youth.

Yet they were much the same as I,  
Those little girls of days gone by;  
They thought and played just as I do,  
And made mistakes and blunders too,  
In grandma's youth.

#### JUDGES' CAVE.

BY WILLIAM WEBER (AGE 12).

IN 1660, when Charles II came to the throne of England, he said those judges of his father who did not surrender within a certain time would be executed. Some of the judges were dead and others had fled. Among those that fled were three judges named Goffe,

Whalley, and Dixwell. These men went to the Puritan colony of New Haven, where the king sent soldiers after them. After a while the soldiers went home, saying the fugitives could not be found.

From New Haven they went to Boston and then back to New Haven. While in New Haven, Goffe and Whalley stayed in a cave on a high mound west of New Haven. This cave is formed by several large boulders, grouped here, it is thought, by a glacier. It has three entrances, one of which is almost hidden by a boulder. It is about fifteen feet high, but has just room enough for three men inside.

While the two judges were in the cave, Richard Sperry brought them food in a basket.

The city of New Haven has recently put a railing around the cave to keep curiosity seekers from chipping it. On the largest rock is an iron tablet telling how the cave got its name—Judges' Cave.

#### YOUTH.

BY RUTH PEIRCE GETCHELL (AGE 16).

(Silver Badge.)

Go not so fast, O Time, I do entreat thee;  
Pray stay thy steps awhile and rest thee here.  
Oh, rush not on so fast; there's none to greet thee,  
And as a day speeds on each flying year!

O cold winds of the north, pray come not, come not;  
Stay back, stay back, where cold doth always lie!



"THE OBJECT BEFORE ME." BY LAURA GARDIN, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)

O come not near this quiet, peaceful valley,  
Where by thy hand the flowers droop and die!

What! dost thou rush, O Time? Pray tell me,  
tell me,  
Why dost thou hurry on so swift and fast?  
Oh, let me be a happy child forever,  
And every year be young as in the last!

No answer! All my prayers and my entreaties,  
They do not check him on his flying way.  
He pays no heed; each fall the flowers  
wither,  
And I am growing older every day!

## AN OLD MAN'S SONNET TO YOUTH.

BY ELSIE F. WEIL (AGE 14).

OH, for those careless, happy, golden hours  
Spent dreamily in childhood days by me!  
Then Mother Nature's simple scenes were free—  
The little babbling brook, the dear wild flow'rs,  
The moist green ferns that grew in shady bow'rs,  
The blithesome bird that sang so merrily,  
The luscious apples on the bending tree,  
The tinted rainbows after April show'rs.  
I loved all nature with my youthful heart;  
To her my deepest secrets were laid bare;  
For she was kind, and soothed to peaceful rest  
My untamed soul with motherly, mild art.  
Now, old and wearied of this world of care,  
I shall return to Mother Nature's breast.

## WHAT CAVES TEACH.

BY WILLIAM G. MAUPIN (AGE 13).

IN ancient times caves were regarded with superstitious wonder by men. In Greece, the temples of Pan, Pluto, and Bacchus were caves, and the famous oracles of Delphi were delivered in a cavern, around which a magnificent temple was built by Cleisthenes, an Athenian in exile.

Prehistoric man dwelt in caves, as has been shown by explorations in France, where also were found skeletons of the mammoth, the reindeer, and the wild horse. Tusks of mammoths, skilfully carved with representations of the reindeer and ibex, have been found in France and Belgium. In a cave explored near Plymouth, England, in 1816, bones of the rhinoceros were discovered, conclusively proving that the rhinoceros existed in Britain in prehistoric times.

Remains of huge bears, much larger than any that exist now, have been found in many European caves; also of hyenas, small hippopotami, and a species of pigmy elephant, discovered in Sicilian and Maltese caves. The discovery of the skeletons of these animals leads to the belief that Africa was connected by a bridge of land to the European continent, centuries ago in the Pleistocene age.

The human inhabitants of the ancient caverns of France, Switzerland, and Belgium, in all probability, lived by hunting and fishing alone. They were wholly ignorant of spinning and of the art of making pottery. They were clad in the skins of animals, sewn together with sinews. Their weapons consisted of stone and ivory hammers, lances, harpoons, and short spears, rough and unpolished, but eminently useful to these early hunters. Whether these ancient cave-dwellers buried their dead or not, we do not know; probably they did not. They had no domestic animals.

The most ancient men in Europe are thought to be the same as the Eskimos. Their styles of carving on bone are identical, as are also several of their weapons. The ancient European cave-dwellers split the bones of animals which they killed, and ate the marrow; this custom is still carried on by the Eskimos. The manner of sew-



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY RAY SAFF, AGE 16.

ing the clothes is the same, and the bone instruments and needles are almost identical.

Thus the remains of animals and the bone instruments and weapons of the primitive man found in caves furnish us with almost all of our information concerning the ages when the world was young, and render valuable assistance to the work of science.

## THE YOUTHFUL BOOKWORM.

BY MIRIAM A. DE FORDE (AGE 15).

SAID one bookworm to another, as they stopped one day to talk,

"I am getting so rheumatic, it is hard for me to walk; But, in spite of close confinement, you are youthful, fresh, and gay.

Now what could cause the difference in our constitutions, pray?"

Answered then the youthful bookworm, "There 's no need to feel so blue;

There *was* a period, long ago, when I was sickly too.

But for thirty years or more, since first it went to press,

My sole and daily diet has been St. NICHOLAS."

N. B.—Is that the reason why bound copies of St. NICHOLAS usually look so worn? We think not!

## A CONCERT IN A CAVE.

BY DOROTHEA DA PONTE WILLIAMS (AGE 16).

I WONDER how many readers of dear old St. NICK have ever been to a concert in a cave? Unless it is no extraordinary feature of amusement in America, I do not think there are many.

During a vacation in Newquay, Cornwall, England, I had one of the most pleasant and novel experiences that it was ever my lot to come across.

One day, in walking through the little town, a poster caught our eyes on which was stated that a concert would be shortly held in the "Cathedral Cavern" at Porth, a few miles away.

Many well-known artists were engaged, and it promised to be a very good concert.



The Object Before Me.

BY FRANCES RAYMOND, AGE 13. (SILVER BADGE.)



"THE OBJECT BEFORE ME." BY HAROLD BREUL, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)

At the foot of the advertisement was a note:

"Visitors are requested to bring with them camp-stools and candles."

The eventful day dawned clear and bright, and nearly all the visitors were going. Armed with camp-stools and candles, we joined in the procession wending its way to the cave.

The concert was to take place early on account of the tide.

Arriving at the "Cathedral," we saw an immense boulder in front of a large opening, over which we had to climb, with the aid of coast-guardsmen.

Inside all was dark, and the first thing we did was to walk into a pool of water. We accordingly lit our candles, and found a dry spot, upon which we planted our camp-stools and waited for the concert to begin.

The cave was an immense structure, not unlike a cathedral, and a grand piano was placed ready, but how it was got in I cannot say.

The concert itself was excellent; but occasionally one heard "Oh!" in the middle of a song, as somebody received upon his nose a drop from the roof.

Very solemn and grand it seemed, in one of nature's buildings; but finally, when it was over, we had to scramble out through a narrow hole termed the "back door."

On the way home, people were heard to declare that they never enjoyed anything so much before; and in all my life never shall I forget that novel experience of a concert in a cave.

#### THOUGHTS OF YOUTH.

BY DOROTHY BERRY (AGE 12).

We do not know the "why" of things—

We do not know the "how";

We know, but always seem to miss,  
The swiftly passing "now."

We dream of things to  
come,  
We dream of things  
gone by;  
But when there's any-  
thing to do  
We do not even try.

Sometimes the more  
ambitious ones  
Try just a thing or  
two;  
But do they ever stop  
to think  
How much there is  
to do?

So let us learn the  
"why" and "how"  
A battle may be  
won;  
And let us learn the  
time is "now"  
That things ought  
to be done.

#### TWO INDIAN CAVES.

BY LUCIA LUCILE CAD-  
WELL (AGE 15).

ONE morning in July, 1902, papa, my sister, two cousins, and myself went on a ramble over the first range of the Santa Ynez Mountains, where my cousins told us there were some Indian caves.

One cave was quite large; there was room enough for forty or fifty people to get in at once. Papa was the only one who went into it, though, as a mountain fire had caved the front in, so he could hardly squeeze through.



"THE OBJECT BEFORE ME." BY MARJORIE NEWCOMB WILSON, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)



The other cave was so hidden in the rocks that we could hardly tell there was one there. At one side was a small hole, just large enough for a person to get through on his hands and knees.

Inside were some pieces of large feathers that would drop to pieces if any one picked them up, several arrowheads, two unbroken Indian baskets, and lots of small pieces of baskets that rats or age had destroyed, leaving only pieces, hardly two alike. Some of them were very prettily woven together.

The smallest basket was jug-shaped, and lined with asphaltum to keep water in.

There was room enough in this cave for ten or twelve Indians, and tall enough to stand up in.

On the way home we passed a Spaniard's house, and the occupant, who was seventy-five years old, told us a short history of these baskets.

The baskets are more than two hundred years old, and were kept in these caves filled with water and provisions by the Indians: the caves were their storehouses. In time of war the squaws could stay there, and the warriors, when hard pressed, would flee there for refuge among the rocks.

These baskets were made of tules or bulrushes, that grow in swamps near the ocean.

The Natural History Society in Santa Barbara, California, now have these baskets as relics.

#### YOUTH IS BEST.

BY FRANCES PAINE (AGE 12).

OH, how I dread to grow!  
I'd rather stay just twelve;  
I'd hate to have a beau,  
Or else to work and delve.

I'd rather stay just small,  
And romp and laugh and play,  
And not to grow at all,  
But just have fun all day.

#### THE LURAY CAVE.

BY HILDA RYAN (AGE 11).

ABOUT a mile from the little village of Luray, which is in the Shenandoah Valley in Virginia, lies a gently sloping ridge, beneath which is the entrance to a cave.

The Luray Cave is so far superior to the Mammoth Cave in Kentucky that a visitor has compared them to a handsomely furnished parlor and a big barn.

The first thing that meets one's eyes is a hall in which the ceiling, walls, and floors are covered with stalactites and stalagmites, which resemble immense icicles. In some places these have met and formed graceful columns.

Around a bend in the path is the Vegetable Market. Here may be seen piles and piles of vegetables, all formed in limestone, which any one would imagine had just arrived from a neighboring farm.

Near by is the Fish Market, where all kinds of fish lie in orderly rows. The illusion is completed by the drops of water hanging from their tails.

One of the many marvelous things to be seen is the Saracen's Tent. Everything is perfectly represented in limestone.

Then there is a great room called the Elfin's Ramble. If ever fairies wish for a place to play hide-and-seek in, they will find what they seek here, for there are many narrow passages. If we entered one of these, we would find that it led to the Giant's Hall, which is an immense room, less beautiful than grand.

Then there is the Bridal Chamber, also the Bridal Veil, which is a beautiful thing, transparent and delicately traced with the most exquisite patterns. No loom of Brussels ever made anything half as lovely as this.

There is a pit in which lie some petrified human bones. It is said that these are bones of an Indian chief, who was punished for deserting his squaw to marry a "paleface."

At one place there are a great many statues, whose features are very indistinct, but at a distance one would imagine that he had entered the Louvre in Paris.

Is it not hard to believe that nature alone is to be thanked for the wondrous beauties of this cave?



"THE OBJECT BEFORE ME--TO WIN THE CASH PRIZE."  
BY ALICE GOSS, AGE 16.

(Miss Goss had, unknown to herself, been awarded the cash prize for February before this sketch was received.)

#### WIND CAVE, SOUTH DAKOTA.

BY JESSIE POUND (AGE 11).

ON the night of the Fourth of July, several years ago, when I was four years old, papa, mama, and I started on a visit to my uncle in Montana. We stopped off at Hot Springs, South Dakota, to spend several days. Ten miles from here is the famous Wind Cave. It is thought to be the largest in the world. It has one hundred miles of passageways, three thousand rooms, and eight levels.

It was discovered first by a cow-boy in 1884. While riding through a small gulch, he noticed a very strong rush of wind coming from a hole in the ground. He looked and found the beautiful cave.

One bright, sunshiny morning we started for the cave, and when we got there papa made arrangements with the guides to take us through. They said that I could not stand the walk; but papa persuaded one of the guides to carry me if I got tired. We had only a day to stay, and they advised us to take the eighth level.

First we went into a small room. The guide closed the door tightly behind us, and then opened a trap-door in the floor. The wind came rushing up. We went



"THE OBJECT BEFORE ME." BY DONALD W. CAMPBELL, AGE 11.

down a stairway over four hundred steps long. We went into some of the rooms where the walls looked as though they were covered with pop-corn and have great pop-corn balls hanging from the ceiling. In others the walls seemed to be covered with brown honeycomb. The guides called this boxwork.

Some of the rooms were all blue, all white, all pink, or all yellow. Some of the passages were so low that the grown people had to stoop, but I could run through them all.

In some of the rooms the guides lighted coils of magnesium wire to show the beauties.

The United States government has possession of the cave now. The government is going to make a park out of the ground around the entrance, and put electric lights in the cave and an elevator at the steep places.

#### YE RHYME OF YE WYCKED YOUTH.

BY MARIE WENNERBERG (AGE 13).

Ye gude wyfe wyth ye kyndlye  
hearte  
Sayed to herselfe, "I 'll bake a tarte  
So large and rounde and goode to see  
That yt wyll serve ye guests at tea."

Ye bakyng done, ye tarte she tooke  
And set yt yn ye wyndowe nooke  
To coole, that yt myghte toothsome be  
For all ye noble companie.

Ye wycked youth came strollyng bye;  
Ye goodlye tarte dyd catch hys eye.  
'T was fyrst a nybble, then a byte,  
And soone ye tarte was out of syght.

Ye evenyng came, ye supper too,  
And all ye guests, goodlye and true,

They sat them down, ye tyme soon came  
When for ye tarte went the goode dame.

But back she ran and sadlye cryed,  
"I fear yon rogue ye tarte espyed,"  
And, poyntyng to hys jam-smear'd lyp,  
Ye dame ye ladde began to whyp.

Ye goodlye guests wyth eager vymme  
Dyd all unyte ye youth to trymme,  
And how ye wycked youth dyd smarte  
Because he stole ye goodlye tarte!



BY PEARL STOCKTON, AGE 7.

#### MY EXPERIENCE IN A CAVE.

BY JOHN MITCHELL (AGE 8).

WHILE at the sea-shore last summer, I went one afternoon to the beach to play with some of my little friends. It was very low tide, and we amused ourselves hunting horseshoe-crabs and cockles. Before we knew it we had gone a long way, and to our great surprise we found a good-sized cave, which had been made by the ocean in a high sand-bank at the top of the beach. We also found an old bench and a box which had been washed up on the beach, and these we put in the cave, and made a very comfortable little play-house and called it the "Discovered Cave."

When it was time to start for home we found the tide had changed and was now quite up to the mouth of the cave, and we were obliged to wade up to our ankles in the water to reach the dry beach. We did not mind that, but thought it was great fun.

We often went to our cave, which we had fixed up quite nice; but always after that we took care to watch the tide, and did not get caught again.

#### OUR TRIP TO AMETHYST CAVE.

BY EDITH M. GATES (AGE 17).

We started from camp, four English girls and I, about nine o'clock, one August morning, to explore Amethyst Cave.

Proceeding along the stony beach for two miles, we found the little fissure in the bluff, and enthusiastically began our search for the purple stones which have made the cave famous.

To the left of us stretched the sparkling waters of the Bay of Fundy. Above us towered high bluffs.

We found no amethysts, but we burdened ourselves with fine, though heavy, specimens of agate, and after trying vainly to photograph the cave, we started for camp. But in our enthusiasm over our surroundings we had forgotten the tide. To our horror, it was in.

We tried to climb the rocks which separated us from the other beach. They were too high! The water was too deep to wade! Should we stay and be drowned?

Time was precious. Snatching our kodaks and specimens, we hurried up the beach until we found a stream we had noticed before. Following its course for about a mile along its banks, we struck a narrow path.

We felt very thankful when we thought of the possible peril we had escaped.

But the worst was to come, for suddenly the path ended at the foot of an enormous bluff. We must retrace our

steps and wait for the tide to turn, or climb the bluff. We chose the latter.

The ascent was almost perpendicular, and our way was blocked by many obstacles. Up, up we climbed. Our way grew more dangerous. We dared not look behind. Our feet sank into deep moss at every step, and we were obliged to cling to stumps and weeds for support.

At last we reached the top, and, plunging through a miniature evergreen forest, found ourselves on level ground.

There were "fields to the right of us, fields to the

left of us." We sank exhausted on the ground and rested. At last we struck across the fields in the direction of the bay. The sun was hot. We struggled along for several miles until we struck a rocky path.

We descended, single file, and at last, to our relief, found ourselves on familiar ground. A short walk and we were again in camp, thoroughly exhausted, but with great appreciation of Amethyst Cave.

#### YOUTH.

BY DORIS FRANCKLYN (AGE 16).

(Winner of Former Prizes.)

THERE is a story that beyond the sea  
Deft toilers weave fair tapestry;  
And, working only on the under side,  
They see but tangled knots and stitches wide,  
Until at last 't is turned, when they behold  
The vivid splendor of the pattern bold!

So shall not we, upon the loom of time,  
Devote our youth and strength to plans sublime?  
Patiently work in the appointed way,  
Nor seek reward or recompense to-day!  
Perchance, when we are bid our work to turn,  
A pattern all divine we shall discern!

#### A TRIP TO MAMMOTH CAVE.

BY MILDRED WHITE (AGE 10).

WE were going to make a trip to Mammoth Cave, so we made our bloomers, with short skirts and woolen waists.

When we went in we could feel the change of atmosphere, as it was warm out of the cave and so cool inside. Every couple had lanterns. One old woman weighed about three hundred pounds and she looked so funny in her bloomers. Her husband was very small and had but one eye. How he got his wife through the cave I could not see. The women all wore bloomers.

One woman was very frightened, and when I next saw her she had hold of the negro guide's coat-tails, and there she swung the rest of the journey. Some one laughed at her, but she cried, "I paid him extra! I paid him extra!"

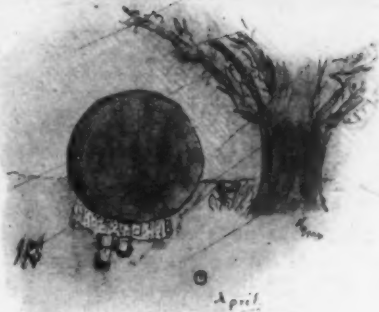
When we came to Fat Man's Misery, they tugged and they pulled, and at last they got the fat woman through.

I thought the most dangerous part was crossing the Echo River. The boats were flat, and in one place the rock came out so far that we had to stoop down to keep from hitting our heads against it. In this river there are fishes with no eyes, as it is so dark they could not see anyway.

The Star Chamber is very pretty, too. In the top of the chamber it looks as if there are stars and a comet. The guide takes the lanterns away, and goes behind the rocks; then he brings the lanterns back in a bunch, and on the side of the chamber it looks like the sun rising; then he holds them higher, and so on, until it looks like the sun up in the skies.

It was hard for some to climb the Corkscrew, but at last we climbed it.

There is a place where you stop to eat dinner. We had two large baskets of lunch, and as there was a table there, we set it and ate our dinner. Some went on and finished the route, but we went back. When we got to



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY KATHARINE THOMPSON, AGE 10.

the mouth of the cave the atmosphere changed, and for the first time that trip we felt tired. One lady fell in a swoon and had to be carried out. But, nevertheless, we had a very good time.

#### YOUTH.

BY MARGARET L. LARIMER (AGE 12).

WHEN we young children laugh and shout,  
And jump and yell and run about,  
And turn the chairs all upside down,  
And tear big rents in our best gown,  
Our mother says: "Now you must stop;  
You jump and run and skip and hop  
As if you had been brought up wild.  
Why don't you sit up nice and mild?"  
But grandpa says: "Just let 'em run  
And jump about and have some fun,  
They 'll never have their youth ag'in,  
And I just say it is a sin  
To make the children sit up straight  
And think about their future fate;  
So let 'em run, that 's what I say,  
And have some fun while well they may."



"THE OBJECT BEFORE ME." BY DAVID DEAN, AGE 11.

#### MY FAVORITE EPISODE IN HISTORY.

BY MARY CROMER (AGE 13).

THE surrender of Lee at Appomattox Court House on April 9, 1865, is my favorite episode in history. The Union was tried severely and was nearly dissolved; but it stood the test, and the North and South are bound together even more closely than ever before.

On that eventful day of April 9, 1865, the troops in blue and gray were drawn up at the foot of a ridge, on each side of Appomattox. The two chiefs met, shook hands, and went into a house near by, where Lee signed Grant's terms of surrender. Grant showed his magnanimous nature by permitting Lee and his staff to keep their swords. He also permitted the Southern troops to keep all their horses, as he said they would need them in tilling the soil.

Thus was the war ended, and oh, how sweet it was to have peace again! Let us be thankful that it is all over, and in all probability there will never be such a war in this great Union again.



"A HEADING FOR APRIL." BY HELEN E. JACOBV, AGE 15.

## THE ROLL OF HONOR.

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been published had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to honorable mention and encouragement.

## VERSE 1.

Marion E. Lane  
Hilda van Emster  
Edith J. Minaker  
Harold R. Norris  
Gertrude E. Ten Eyck  
Margaret Smith  
William Richards  
Margaret Spencer  
Smith  
Saidée E. Kennedy  
Harry A. Rosenberg  
R. A. Kidulfe  
William Laird Brown  
Emily R. Burt  
Helen Spear  
Margaret Minaker  
Pauline K. Angell  
Maude Dudley Shackelford  
John Griffith Maguire  
Philip Stark  
Beulah H. Ridgeway  
Frieda Muriel Harrison  
Corolyn Bulley  
Katherine G. Robinson  
Margaret F. Grant  
Alison Winslow  
Sarah McCarthy

## VERSE 2.

Margaret Stuges  
Kate Huntington Tiemann  
Eilene Peck  
Byron B. Boyd  
A. Elizabeth Goldberg  
Helen Luoisie Norris  
J. Paul Kauffman  
Minnie E. Chase  
Dorothea Gay  
Edith Julia Ballou  
Annie S. Ramsey  
Mary Yeula Westcott  
Baldwin A. Manil  
L. Beatrice Todd  
Jessie Freeman Foster  
Irene Weil  
Florence Isabel Miller  
Helene Eaberg  
Nannie C. Barr  
Marguerite Reed  
Anna E. Foster  
Ray Randall  
Lotta E. Walworth  
Carrie Neill Scott  
Augusta Frank  
Florence M. Smith  
Clara P. Pond

Lois M. Cunningham  
H. Mabel Sawyer  
Mary Blossom Bloss  
Mabel Robinson  
Katharine R. Wells  
Edith Kaufman  
Laurita Lois Olds  
Stanley Dyer, Jr.  
Lucie Clifton Jones

## PROSE 1.

Philip Warren Thayer  
H. Munro Gere  
Marie Hill  
Remsen Holbert  
Frances Renshaw  
Latske  
Mary Graham Bonner  
Florence R. T. Smith  
Charles F. Howard  
Willia Nelson  
Elizabeth R. Eastman  
Elsie Kimball Wells  
Ivy Varian Walhe  
Elsie Turner  
Frederick A. Coates  
Mildred Ockert  
Nancy Moore  
Jeannette Nelson  
Julia B. Chapin  
Gertrude Hodgson  
Stella J. Liotta  
Tyler H. Bliss  
Joe Pound  
Mary Pemberton  
Nourse  
Helen Davenport  
Perry  
Abigail E. Jenner  
Dorothy Dickinson  
Francis Marion Miller  
Camille Bowie Adams  
Lyle Vincent Nelson  
J. Herbert Hodgins  
Hilda Braun  
Kathleen Bertrand  
Lucile Doty  
Milton C. White  
James Pryor  
Elvise E. Garstin  
Martha Dillard  
Marguerite M. Cree  
Mignon de Neuf  
Gertrude M. Corbett  
Halsey Ackerman  
Elizabeth Hirsch  
Alexis Tardy Greenham  
Charlotte Wykoff  
Dorothy Conson  
Mildred Schoendew  
Ruth S. Goddard  
Sarah Brown  
C. Norman Bartlett  
Henry B. Dillard  
Marie Craighead  
Brown  
Carolyn B. Albrecht  
Margaret Douglas Gordon  
Marjory McQuiston

George I. Foster  
Ella Harrison  
Kate M. Horton  
Philip C. Gifford  
Blanche H. Leeming  
Elizabeth C. Field  
John M. Walker  
Emelyn Ten Eyck  
Marjorie Macy  
Edna E. Wise

## PROSE 2.

Natalie Wurtz  
Rita Wannigh  
Ethel Berian  
Mark Finley  
Carolyn C. Stevens  
Agnes Dorothy Campbell  
Margaret R. Busso  
Gladys T. Vaughan  
Robert Paul Walsh  
Julia Hutchinson  
Jacob Z. Schmucker  
Millicent Pond  
Florence W. Montague  
Helen J. Simpson  
Fanny C. Carver  
Herbert Atkinson  
Margaret Boland  
Ruth P. Cornwall  
Archibald S. Macdonald  
Henry Herman Hitchcock  
Margaret Spahr  
Paul S. Arnold  
Madeleine Fuller McDowell  
Ruth Elizabeth Kellogg  
Paul Whipple  
Ruth Elizabeth Sherman  
Robert Bartholomew  
John Rice Mines  
Dorothy Hastings  
Vincent Ward  
Ottile Wright  
Pauline Flint  
Andrew Miller  
Frances Brookman  
Dorothy Place  
James E. Moran  
Helen W. Edgar  
Gertrude W. Boland  
Prudence Ross  
Millie B. Hess  
Eleanor L. Halpin  
Miriam Abbott  
Fanny J. Walton  
Ellen Stolpe  
Dorothy Potter Bower  
Carrie B. Simpson  
Marion Prince  
Ralph C. Tobin  
Gratia B. Camp  
Margaret Elliott  
Dorothea H. Smith  
Eunice M. Schoff  
W. Seldon Wakem  
James K. Angell  
Wynonah Breascale  
Mable Luscombe

## DRAWINGS 1.

Walter C. Corbett  
Walter Josephs  
Phoebe U. Hunter  
Dorothy Hardy Richardson  
Mildred Wheat  
Frances Keeline  
Elizabeth Abbott  
Anna Zucker  
Phoebe Wilkinson  
Muriel C. Evans  
James H. Daugherty  
Florence Murdock  
Marguerite Strathy  
Isadore Douglas  
Marion Jacqueline Overton  
Delmar G. Cooke  
Meade Bolton  
Josephine Arnold  
Bonney  
William Whitford  
Beatrice Andrews  
Russell S. Walcott  
Grace Mailhouse  
Paul A. McDermott  
Laura Janvrin Aldrich  
Charlotte Ball  
Katherine G. Parker  
Byron Derr  
Margaret J. Naumberg  
John Sinclair  
Anna A. Fichtner  
Katherine D. Barbour  
Dorothy Ochtmann  
Vieva Marie Fisher  
Corinne Loney

## DRAWINGS 2.

Gertrude Natalie  
Bigelow  
Marie Day  
Cordner H. Smith  
Marion H. Tuthill  
Floyd Godfrey  
Elinor Burleigh  
Muriel Ivirney  
John A. Hellwig  
Madge Oakley  
Bessie Townley  
Griffith  
Emilie C. Flagg  
Eugenie B. Baker  
Kathleen Gaffney  
H. Kasner  
Alice Paine  
Mildred Curran Smith  
Gladys G. Young  
Walter Swindell Davis  
Helen de Veer  
Margaret Peckham  
Mary Hazeltine  
Fergusmith  
Floyd L. Mitchell  
Margaret Ellen Payne  
Alice E. Kingman  
Henriette Barney Burt  
Vernon Radcliffe  
Florence E. Marceaux  
Elizabeth Burt  
Elizabeth Wilcox  
Pardee  
Elizabeth Freedley

Katharine Andrews  
Gladys A. Lothrop  
Julia Murray  
Jacob Bacon  
Eleanor I. Town  
Genevieve A. Ledger-

Edwin Shoemaker  
John W. Paret  
M. N. Stiles  
Edith M. Andrews

## PHOTOGRAPHS 2.

Queenabelle Smith  
Dorothy F. Smith  
Emily W. Brown  
Marcia Hoyt  
Ruth Shaw  
Winifred Littell  
Irving Cavins  
Sidney Edward Dickinson

Julius Bien  
Max Plambeck  
Henry M. Davenport  
Gertrude H. Henry  
Sally Frankenstein  
John Hoar  
Marion K. Cobb  
Robert W. Allen  
Marguerite Dobson  
Margaret Boyd Cope-

land  
Rexford King  
Hannah Price Right  
Gerome Ogden  
Jean Forgeus  
Margaret Porter  
Walter I. Barton  
Elizabeth Chapin  
Laurence Osgood Macomber  
H. O. Phillips  
Walter Geer, Jr.  
Mildred Favor  
Lucy S. Robinson  
T. P. Perkins  
Alice Garland  
Charlotte Spence  
Helen Wing

## PUZZLES 1.

Louis Stix Weiss  
Richard B. Thomas  
Walter P. Bliss  
Charles Brooks  
Elizabeth O. Camblos  
Henry Morgan Brooks  
Margaret H. Bennett  
Helen Shaw  
Roger Griffin  
Elizabeth Roby  
Gerald Smith  
Helleine Kinsley  
Margaret Stevens  
Adeline Thomas  
George Boulton Thorp

## PUZZLES 2.

Floy Lewis  
Elizabeth Palmer  
Loper  
Aida C. Barnes  
Mary E. Dunbar  
Anna Marguerite Neuburger  
Simon Cohen  
Simons Brewster  
Alice Knowles  
Josephine Godillot  
Edward Roffe Thompson  
Katharine Camblos  
Ward Swain  
S. Lawrence Leven-wood  
Isabel Adami  
Kenneth Connolly

## NOTICE.

MENBERS sometimes complain that their names are not correctly printed on the Roll of Honor. Perhaps they do not always write very plainly. Names should always be very carefully written.

## PHOTOGRAPHS 1.

Alberta Cowgill  
Dunton Hamlin  
Henry Hand Hickman  
Edith C. Houston  
Shirley Alice Willis  
Carlotha Glasgow  
John Fry  
Edward B. Fox, Jr.  
Mary Arrowsmith  
Ellen Day

## CHAPTERS.

- No. 690. "Zenia." Beurniece Cowan, President; Eva Seely, Secretary; eight members. Address, Conde, S. D.
- No. 691. "Workers." Florence Lewis, President; Josephine Horwitz, Secretary; sixty members. Address, care of Miss Fuld, 130 E. 110th St., New York City.
- No. 692. "X. Y. Z." Jessie Riall, President; Alma Rothholz, Secretary; nine members. Address, 2108 Bolton St., Baltimore, Md.
- No. 693. "The Goop Girls." Margaret Gordon, President; Dorothy Doyle, Secretary; six members. Address, 20 South Market St., Staunton, Va.
- No. 694. "Butterflies." Lois Noel, President; Carolyn Scott, Secretary; two members. Address, 2319 Albion Pl., St. Louis, Mo.
- No. 695. "Starlight." Robert Aitken, President; Wylda Aitken, Secretary; six members. Address, Mt. Hamilton, Conn.
- No. 696. "Sunny Side." Marion Beadenkopf, President; Alice du Pont, Secretary; four members. Address, 808 Broome St., Wilmington, Del.
- No. 697. Bessie Wicker, President; M. Virginia Bell, Secretary; nine members. Address, Box 68, Saranac Lake, N. Y.
- No. 698. "King Arthur." Raphael Butts, President; Nellie Butts, Secretary; six members. Address, 21 Park Ave., Chicago, Ill.
- No. 699. "Minnehaha." Pat Kirby, President; Glen Walker, Secretary; three members. Address, 330 North Duluth Ave., Sioux Falls, S. D.
- No. 700. George de Charms, President; Anton Seilner, Secretary; fourteen members. Address, Bryn Athyn, Pa.

## LEAGUE NOTES AND LETTERS.

A firm in Minnesota offered a prize for the largest number of words to be made of the firm name. A St. Nicholas League member, Rufus Putnam, twelve years old, carried off the honors with 5012 words, more than double the number supplied by any other competitor. It is a remarkable fact that in making his list he did not once duplicate himself, though he did not once refer back to see if he had done so.

MONTPELLIER, FRANCE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I just received my consolation prize (advertising competition) in the shape of a nice new dollar bill, which I will always keep.

I thank you very much for it; it was so nice of you to give it to me, because it was the last time that I could compete, as I have reached that age when the League gates close themselves upon me, that is to say, for the competition; but as long as I live I shall always take an interest in the doings of the League. I owe a lot to the League; my English has been improved to such a point that you thought my writing worthy of a beautiful gold badge. Besides, through you I have nice friends and correspondents, who, by their lovely letters, bring me near to America and make me realize how happy American children ought to be in having such nice institutions as the ST. NICHOLAS magazine and the League.

Again let me thank you for all the pleasure that you have procured me.

Your faithful and thankful reader,

TULA LATZKE.

ST. JOSEPH, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My cash prize arrived some days ago, and of course I was delighted with it.

I want to thank you not only for it, but for the help and pleasure that work in the League has been to me.

Yours sincerely,

AGNES C. LACY.

HAYESFIELD P. BATH, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was so interested in Miss Richardson's letter, which appeared in the December magazine, it was about the "Empty Stocking Club." I thought she might like to hear about our Bath Santa Claus scheme. Every Christmas we borrow the Somerset Hall, and there people send toys of all kinds, and garments also. People who are interested in the work have sewing-parties and make things for it. One of my aunts made thirty little dresses; others, owning shops, send sweets, figs, and oranges. About a fortnight before Christmas several gentlemen go round to every house in the poor districts and take the name, age, and address of every child under twelve. And on Christmas eve every one of these have a parcel brought to them containing one quarter pound of sweets, one quarter pound of figs, two oranges, one toy, one garment. They try and pack the parcels so that every child may find the contents of his or her parcel useful.

It is fun delivering these presents on Christmas eve from a great big furniture van. I think your club is splendid, and also think the same as you, that it makes one much happier in seeing the appreciative looks of the little children. I remain,

Yours truly,  
MURIEL BUSH."THE OBJECT BEFORE ME." BY NANNIE  
GAIL, AGE 9.

Other interesting and appreciative letters have been received from Isabella McLaughlin, Annie Lamar Noble, Gwynne Frances Noble, Margaret Rhodes, Hardenia B. Fletcher, Eva Mae Seely, Barbara Littlefield, Marion I. Reynolds, Marion S. Goodhue, Lorraine Ransom, Dorothy Edd, Madeleine Fuller McDowell, Catherine Gunn, Helen de Haven, Daisy James, Beatrice Crane, Hester W. Conklin, Edgar Daniels, Harry B. Lachman, Elinor Bliss, Albert E. Stockin, Doris Smith, Marion E. Bradley, Frederick A. Costes, Phyllis Booth, Theodore L. Fitz Simons, Charles Irish Preston, and M. Adelaide Durst.

## NOTICE.

The St. Nicholas League is an organization of readers of the ST. NICHOLAS magazine. Every reader of ST. NICHOLAS is entitled to a membership badge and instruction leaflet free.

## PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 55.

THE St. Nicholas League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle-answers. Also cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall again win first place.

Competition No. 55 will close April 20 (for foreign members April 25). The awards will be announced and prize contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for July.

**Verse.** To contain not more than twenty-four lines, and may be illustrated, if desired, with not more than two drawings or photographs by the author, and to relate in some manner to "The Liberty Bell."

**Prose.** Article or story of not more than four hundred words. Title: "A Dog Hero." Must be true.

**Photograph.** Any size, interior or exterior, mounted or unmounted, no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "A Pleasant Corner."

**Drawing.** India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash (not color), interior or exterior. Two subjects, "Study from Still Life" and "A Hending or Tail-piece for July."

**Puzzle.** Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full.

**Puzzle-answers.** Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS.

**Wild Animal or Bird Photograph.** To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of a gun. For the best photograph of a wild animal or bird taken in its natural home: First Prize, five dollars and League gold badge. Second Prize, three dollars and League gold badge. Third Prize, League gold badge.

## RULES.

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent on application.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These things must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if a manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address all communications:

The St. Nicholas League,  
Union Square,  
New York.



## BOOKS AND READING.

### A GUIDE IN BOOKLAND.

No one except a bookseller or a librarian can have any idea of the number of volumes a year that the publishers of all lands are now putting forth by means of their great steam-driven presses. Figures give only a faint idea of the multitude. It would matter very little if they were all poor books and not worth your attention; but, both fortunately and unfortunately, many of them are exceedingly good. Yet no one can read more than a few, and so it becomes more and more important that those few should be well chosen. A certain amount of your time must be given to the best old books, and as for the rest, you must have good advice. In this department can be given general hints such as will be useful to many at a time; but each studious girl or boy will need something more, something special. If you have an older friend in whose judgment you have confidence, and that older friend is willing to help you, he can be of the very greatest service to you by acting as a guide through the maze of paths that lead in every direction among the delightful highways and byways of the land of letters. Any true lover of books will be glad to act as "guide, philosopher, and friend" to those for whom they are a new territory.

**FINDING YOUR OWN PICTURES.** We are now going to repeat, for the benefit of our new readers, a suggestion that was made once before in this department a long time ago. Even those who remember reading about the idea before will not be sorry to be reminded of a pleasant way to add to the interest and value of their books.

You all are aware that there are coming from the presses all the time excellent pictures relating to everything under the sun, and especially to the scenes and characters of well known books. The suggestion we would make is that you preserve such of these as may come in your way, and then use them to illustrate your own books. It will be easy, for instance, to secure portraits of the authors in whom you delight, and it often is not at all hard to find pictures of noted places referred to in the text

of the book. Do not be in too great a hurry about pasting in what you find. It is wiser to keep an envelop—large enough to hold the pictures without bending them—and collect whatever comes to hand and is thought fit for your purpose. After you have a fair amount of material, you can sort out the best and prepare it for the book. Some grown-up people who give a great deal of time, thought, and money to this "extra-illustrating," as it is called, have the pictures so prepared as to seem made for the volume; but this would not be worth your trouble. It will be best for you to mount your pictures on thin paper cut to the size of the book, and then fix these in their places with just a touch of paste.

### COMPLETE SETS OF AUTHORS' WORKS.

If you will notice the bookcases in your friends' libraries, you will be likely to see many books in uniform bindings—sets of authors' works. It seems to be a fashion among most book-buyers to buy all the works of a single writer. This may be wise for those who have lived long enough to be sure what they like. But a young reader would be wiser to buy only the single volumes in which he is for the time interested, being careful to buy volumes of a standard edition, so that, when later he wishes to buy other volumes of the same author, his set will be uniform.

So long as books were a great rarity, such advice was not needed, and those who wrote giving counsel to young readers saw little reason to warn them against allowing books to accumulate too rapidly. Now, in these days of inexpensive books, the caution is needed.

### AN ESSAY BY AN INDIAN BOY.

We clip from a recent copy of the New York "Tribune" the following forcible piece of writing, said to be by a young Indian pupil not yet so familiar with the English language as he is with the "noble quadruped" he has chosen for the subject of his essay: "The horse is a very noble quadruped, but when he is angry he will not do so. He is ridden on the spinal cord by the bridle, and sadly the driver places his foot on the

stirrups and divides his lower limbs across the saddle and drives his animal to the meadow. He has four legs; two are on the front side and two are afterward. These are the weapons on which he runs. He also defends himself by extending these in the rear in a parallel direction toward his foe, but this he does only when he is in an aggravating mood. There is no animal like the horse. No sooner they see their guardian or master than they always cry for food, but it is always at the morning time. They have got tails, but not so long as the cow and such other like animals."

**A CAUTION TO READERS.** THERE are persons so fond of reading aloud that they are ready to oblige their friends in or out of season by the presentation of poems or stories at all hours. Most people are willing to listen to a good reader, but remember that the question, "Would n't you like me to read you so-and-so?" is not easy to answer if one happens not to be in a listening mood. Maybe it would be better to say, "This is a very interesting description of an avalanche in the Alps." Then you will see by the answer whether reading it will be welcome. Those whose minds work very quickly are sometimes annoyed by hearing something they could enjoy if they read it to themselves. Besides, tastes differ.

**COMPOUND INTEREST.** IN reading upon a given subject it will be found that the interest increases according to one of the bothersome rules you have in your arithmetics — by compound rather than by simple interest. That is, every fact you learn about a subject which pleases you will give you greater enjoyment of everything that relates to the same matter.

This is especially true in reading books about foreign lands; each fact helps the interest of every succeeding one. If, for instance, you begin to make yourself acquainted with China, that land where all our ideas seem turned either inside out or upside down, the first reading will make the second not only easier but more interesting; and by the time you have read two or three books on the "Celestial Empire" you will be likely to seize every opportunity to learn more of those fascinating people who care so

little about the great Western world that some of us are inclined to think is the only part of the earth that counts.

Then, when you know something of China, how can you refuse to learn the wonderful story of Japan's leap from the middle ages into the life of the present day? And here again the law of compound interest applies — the more you read, the more pleasure the reading will bring.

**TOO MUCH "SYSTEM."** It is natural for readers, both young and old, to enjoy change — to turn from one sort of book to another; and yet many think they must keep at each one until it is finished. The over-systematic reader is likely to lose enjoyment of an author by losing the freshness of interest that would come after giving some time to another species of writing. But when you lay a volume aside it would be well to set a time for taking it up again, so that you may be reminded of the unfinished task. Keeping a diary is an excellent thing if it be used to remind you of what you intend to carry out in the future. It is a simple matter to turn to a date a week or so ahead, and there make a memorandum, so that when you reach the appointed time you will not forget "unfinished business."

**THE SECOND READING.** A GERMAN philosopher makes the suggestion that any book at all important should be read a second time, and that this second reading should at once follow the first. He gives his reasons, which is very kind of him, for philosophers often forget that what is plain to them may be obscure to less studious mortals.

He says the second reading makes the beginning of the book clear because of the light shed by the end. The re-reading also gives a new view of the book, since we are in a new state of mind, and thus have different impressions.

One does not have to be a German philosopher to see the sense of this; an American girl or boy is quite equal to grasping it.

But sometimes her Majesty, Queen Common-sense the Good, goes about among us, her loyal subjects, disguised as Miss What-Everybody-Knows, and remains unknown until a really wise man shows that we are entertaining royalty *incog* and in *mufti*.

## THE LETTER-BOX.

WEST PHILADELPHIA, PA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You have been in our family twelve years, my sister taking you eleven years, while I have taken you one year. I love you dearly and wish to take you many more years to come.

I have a little fox-terrier whose name is "Bob." He is just one year and two and a half months old. Bob is very bright and can do many tricks; he can beg, speak (bark), and jump for things. He can also catch things in his mouth and jump over a stick. He loves to go out walking, and has to have his strap and collar on when he goes on streets where there are cars and dogs. His strap has nickel on it, which makes a noise if rattled; and if I am upstairs and he down and I rattle it, he comes bouncing upstairs. He begs to me because he knows he is going out walking, and is very happy. Bob knows that hats mean going outdoors, and so when he sees mine on me he begs for his strap and collar. He is very beautifully marked and is a thorough-bred. One day, or at least evening, he was very sleepy, and my cousin was petting him. Robert, my cousin, said: "Pussy-cats!" Bob jumped up and barked and made a great fuss (he knew what "pussy-cats" meant). Another time he saw a cat, but did nothing but stare. He has done many more cute things, too many to tell.

I love "King Arthur and his Knights," and all the prose and poems.

Your affectionate and ardent reader,

JULIA MUSSER (age 12).

BRADWELL LODGE,  
DEER PARK, TORONTO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My aunt is giving you to me for a year. Deer Park is a very pretty little place with many pines and spruces, and we have a big field to play in. I am ten years old and I have two sisters, Marjorie and Marion. There is about two inches of snow on the ground, and I hope it will stay. I have just received the Christmas number this morning, and I have been reading "A Comedy in Wax," and I like it so much, and also the "Two Little New York Maids."

I remain your loving reader,

OTTILIE SCHREIBER.

"GROVE FARM," IPSWICH, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have had you since July, and I like you better than any magazine that I have ever read. We live in a house at "Grove Farm" in Ipswich, Massachusetts. There are two houses on the place, one of which is about two hundred and sixty years old. I don't know how old the one that we live in is, but it is not half so pretty. I think that the list of books in the chapter of Books and Reading is fine, and I have read a good many of them.

I must close now, so good-by. Your loving reader,

HERBERT DUDLEY HALE, JR. (age 10).

HARTFORD, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have many squirrels around our home; they live in the top of our house right over our play-room. There is one little squirrel which we call "Mr. Gray." Once Mr. Gray was caught in a

trap. He was so cunning father thought he would keep him. He sent for a trap, but that night when we went to bed the poor little thing cried so piteously that father let him go.

Yours truly,

CATHERINE C. COOK (age 9).

### LITTLE DOROTHY'S MISTAKE.

BY M. LOUISE SMITH.

LITTLE maid Dorothy goes to school

And studies her lessons well.

She is only five, but, "sakes alive!"

Every "arithmetical sign" she can tell.

The "add-to pluses" stand up like this, +,

And the "take-aways" flatly lie, —.

The "times like an x" do sometimes vex,

And the "intos" (+) cause many a sigh.

But little maid Dorothy knows them all,

And can name them with never a stop —

Though 't was funny to-day when we heard her say,

"There 's a church with a plus on the top."

DENVER, COL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am six years old. Uncle Jim sent you to me for Christmas. I don't go to school, but mama teaches me to read and write. I can read in the Third Reader, but I can't read the ST. NICHOLAS alone. Mama and grandma read it to me. I enjoy the children's writing very much, and the picture of the woodchuck. Next year I will be able to read it alone, so I hope Uncle Jim will send it to me again.

Good-by,

HARRY L. ALDRICH, JR.

RATZÖTZ BRIKEN,  
SÜD TIROL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We stayed part of this summer on the Island of Rügen in the Baltic. We found several pieces of amber in the seaweed on the shore. We also found some round, finger-shaped pieces of stone which looked like flint. Some of the broken pieces we found were about four inches long. A man in a shop told me that they were called "Donnerkeil," or "thunderbolts."

We have already had a good fall of snow here and some coasting. We did not have any till Christmas last year.

Your affectionate reader,

WALTER WHITE.

BEVERLY, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You were given to me last Christmas and I enjoy you very much.

My Aunt Ellen used to take you when she was about the same age as myself, and so she lets me have the back numbers to look at. I enjoyed them so much that I was given the magazine for Christmas. Hoping to take you many more years, as I am only eleven, I remain,

Your loving reader,

ELEANOR WALKER.



## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER.

TRIPLE CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Primrose, Hyacinth, Snowdrop.  
NOVEL TRANPOSITIONS. 1. Bears, bores; 2. sweat, waits; 3. roses, ogres; 4. laces, gales; 5. ashes, cases; 6. abyss, brass; 7. pales, parse; 8. louts, tools; 9. tasks, stack, Aeschylus, Correggio.  
DIAGONAL PUZZLE. 1. Chant. 2. Japan. 3. Happy. 4. Helen. 5. Reels. From 1 to 2, capes; 3 to 4, apple; 5 to 6, taper.  
DIAGONAL. Cleveland. Cross-words: 1. Copyright. 2. Plane-tary. 3. Clergyman. 4. Provision. 5. Precedent. 6. Marmalade. 7. Guatemala. 8. Observant. 9. Recommend.  
ILLUSTRATED ACROSTIC. Third row, Wellington. 1. Saw. 2. Tweezers. 3. Rule. 4. Awl. 5. Chisel. 6. Pincers. 7. Auger. 8. Hatchet. 9. Spokeshave. 10. Pusch.  
CROSS-PURPOSES. 1. Trick, truck. 2. Skill, skull. 3. Pride,

pride. 4. Chipl, chunk. 5. Trist, trust. 6. Stiff, stuff. 7. Taint, taunt. 8. Elide, elude. 9. Trice, truce.

### NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime.

ANAGRAM. Theodore Roosevelt.

CENTRAL SYNCOPATIONS AND REMAINDERS. Grant. 1. Negro, Nero. 2. First, fist. 3. Beast, best. 4. Rinse, rise. 5. Motor, moze.

ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE. Subtracted letters, Windstorms: added letters, young lambs. 1. War, w, y, ray. 2. Side, i, o, dose. 3. Men, n, u, emu. 4. Draw, d, n, warn. 5. Ass, s, e, gas. 6. Time, t, i, mile. 7. Lose, o, a, sale. 8. Star, r, m, mast. 9. Gem, m, b, beg. 10. Vase, s, a, save.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY Co., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before January 15th, from Mabel, George, and Henri—Joe Carlada—Ross M. Craig—"Teddy and Muvver"—Grace Haren—M. McG—Marian A. Smith—C. Leonard Talpey—William Ellis Keyser—Annie Lee and Louis—Katharine C. Bowly—Mary V. Sullivan—Marian P. Toulmin—Laura E. Jones—Sidney F. Kimball—"Chuck"—Florence R. Elwell—"Alli and Adi"—Dorothy E. Downing—Marion Thomas—Florence Du Bois—Christine Graham—Jean Barkalow—"Johnny Bear"—"Get"—Annie C. Smith—Emerson Grant Sutcliffe—Jo and I—Nettie Barnwell—Louise K. Crowdy—Annette Howe Carpenter—Frederick Greenwood—Florence Guida Steel—Marian Elizabeth Ingalls—Lilian Sarah Burt—Gordon and Sydney Rutherford—Stella Weinstein—Edith L. Fischer—Mary Randell Bacon—Virginia Gillesby.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JANUARY NUMBER were received, before January 15th, from W. Auger, 1—H. L. Godwin, 1—Alice C. and Alan C. Livingston, 2—Dorothea M. Dexter, 6—Phyllis Bigelow, 1—"Marcia and Co.", 10—Omira D. Bailey, 1—Elizabeth Pilling, 1—John Allen, 1—Katharine Boshart, 6—W. Bruce McKerral, 5—Emmet Russell, 3—Margaret C. Wilby, 9—Marshall T. Tirrell, 10—Martha G. Schreyer, 9—Amy E. Mayo, 2—M. Blanche Kimber, 1—Helen J. Jelliffe, 10—C. C. Anthony, 8—Burt H. Smith, 2—Florence Doane, 1—Sidney Gamble, 10.

### WORD-SQUARE.

1. A SPRING flower. 2. An idol. 3. To mark with a name. 4. A deputy. 5. People of an ancient race.  
HELEN DEAN FISH (League Member).

### A MAGIC SQUARE.

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

|   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |
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| G | E | E | X | M | A | F | T | B | K |
| S | L | E | S | P | E | N | L | I | U |
| N | A | O | T | A | U | R | A | P | S |
| L | U | H | P | R | N | U | S | I | A |
| C | E | S | C | D | T | B | U | O | K |
| O | A | M | J | B | N | S | N | O | R |
| E | L | S | R | E | C | A | L | T | D |

START at a certain letter in the bottom line, proceed in any diagonal direction, and spell the name of a great cele-

bration soon to begin in one of our large cities. (Suppose S is the starting-point; from S one could go to A or J but not to L or M or R.)

Start at a certain letter in the top line, proceed in any diagonal direction, and spell the names of two men prominent in the historical event which this celebration commemorates. Each letter is to be used but once.

FRANK DOLIN.

### CHARADE.

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition.)

My first is full of danger great,  
And truly many a second  
Has fallen there; my whole should be  
Gently toward safety beckoned;  
For he is stupid—yes, and slow;  
Pray how should he the danger know?

DOROTHEA M. DEXTER.

### BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS.

1. Doubly behead and curtail to hinder, and leave the evening before a holiday. 2. Doubly behead and curtail a maker, and leave to devour. 3. Doubly behead and curtail the virtue or quality of a thing, separated from its grosser parts, and leave a Japanese coin. 4. Doubly behead and curtail majestic, and leave consumed. 5. Doubly behead and curtail to raise to a higher station, and leave a feminine name. 6. Doubly behead and curtail carriers, and leave a common verb.

When the six little words are written one below another, take the first letter of the first word, the second letter of the second word, the first letter of the third word, the second letter of the fourth word, and so on. These letters will spell a spring festival.

HOWARD HOSMER (League Member).





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